

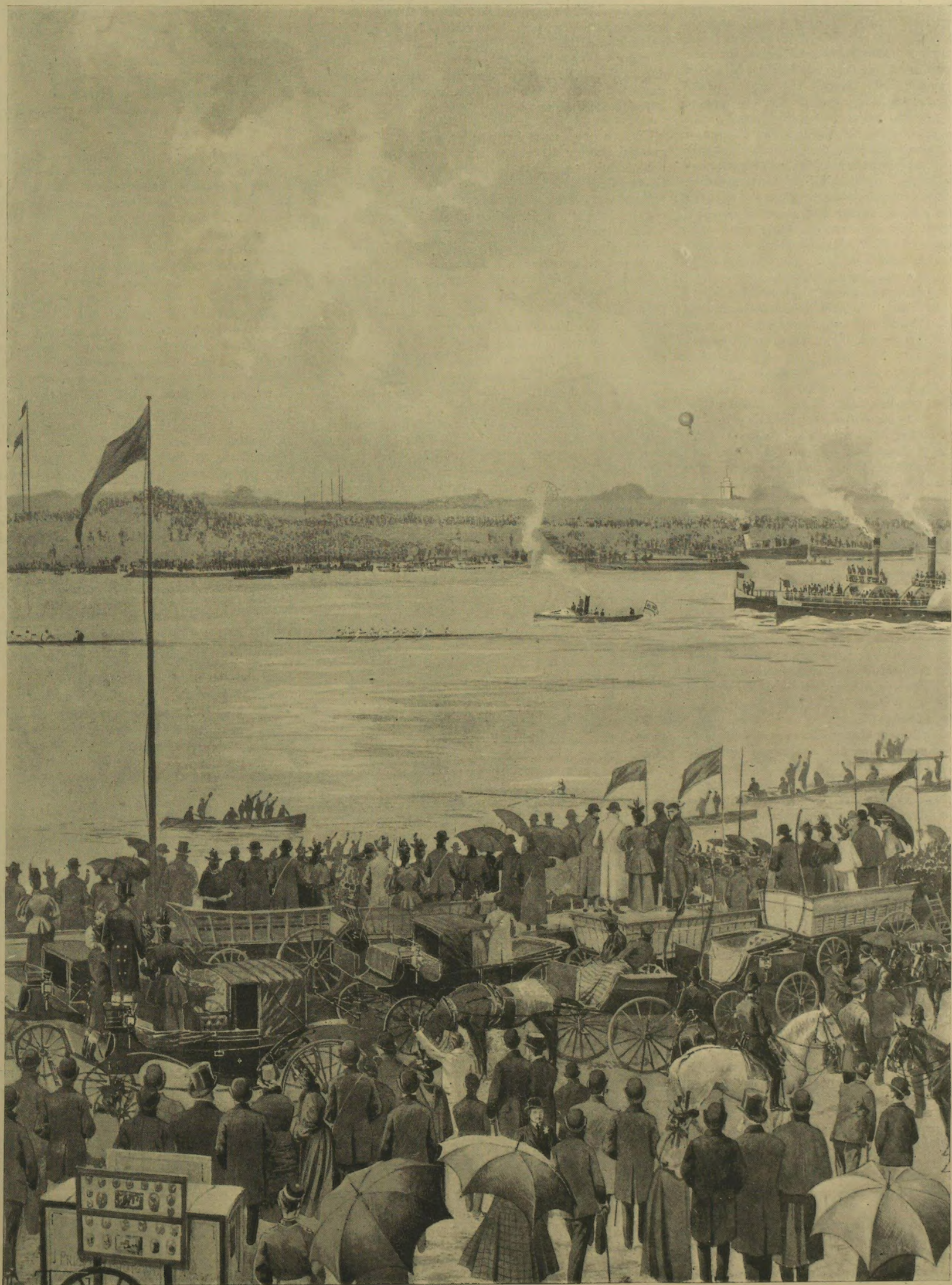
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THE UNIVERSITIES' BOAT-RACE: THE FINISH AT MORTLAKE.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

For a lady of ample means intending to be presented at the next Drawing-Room an opportunity is now offered that will probably never occur again of "taking the cake" in the way of magnificence of apparel. Before the little difficulty occurred between Japan and China, the Emperor of Japan, it seems, had ordered a magnificent robe of gold brocade to be manufactured, as a gift to the Empress-Dowager of China on her birthday. "It is the work," we are told, "of the most famous Kiofo art-weavers, and has taken many months to complete, the fabric being of the rarest and most ornate description and heavy with gold." The Empress's birthday is past, and it will probably be some time before she gets a present of any kind from the same quarter. The article can, no doubt, under the circumstances and in the depleted condition of the Japanese treasury, be obtained at cost price. Here is a chance indeed for Lady Bullion!

The microbes, who have not been advertising themselves so extensively of late months, having a shrewd suspicion that the British public are getting a little tired of them, have broken out in a fresh place—the filters of the water companies. It is fair to state that this has not happened of their own motion, but through the agency of the Registrar-General, who has revealed a pretty state of things. Ice, it appears, has prevented the filters through the last severe winter from working; so that whereas in December 1894 those of one water company contained only six microbes per cubic centimetre, they last month contained 283. The "c.cm." (as it is called for short) represents, I am told, one-fifteenth of a cubic inch. Even 286 microbes would, one would think, hardly find standing-room in so small a space. But there are two other water companies which can boast of having, respectively, in the same limited area 5200 and 6260 microbes. The question seems to be, where was the water—which must surely have been crowded out! The doctors who have "boomed" the terrors of the microbe will hardly thank the Registrar-General for this information. Their little favourites seem to be no more harmful for drinking, or one may almost say for eating, purposes (for they must have been taken well-nigh solid) than mites in a cheese. Perhaps, after all, they may be made useful (as St. John used locusts) as articles of consumption; and we may live to see them advertised in the provision shops: "Try our potted microbes as a substitute for butter (or at all events for margarine) for breakfast"; "Microbe paste on toast will be found fully equal to anchovy ditto"; "Fresh microbes, very fine and from the most unwholesome localities, every morning."

There is an apprehension abroad, I read, that the new system of pasting advertisements on the windows of our omnibuses and tramcars may be copied by our railway companies. If this were to happen, the travelling by train would, literally, be not a cheerful prospect. One might just as well not go out of town at all if one is to be accompanied all the way by its mural ornaments. Under ordinary circumstances, I should have little hope that the mere desire to look out of window should be considered for a moment to the prejudice of a good stroke of business; but, as it happens, our fears upon this particular account are, I think, unfounded, since such a system would be opposed tooth and nail by the advertisers who have already seized upon our railway stations and our woods and fields. How could their alluring devices be seen if, to use a Parliamentary phrase, they were "blocked" by these intervening notices? At the best, a combination, as in the toy called "the wheel of life," would be produced, born of the rapid motion, which would blend "food for cattle" and "food for infants," remedies for corpulence and tinned soups, tonics and liver pills, in inextricable confusion.

The number of posthumous works that have been published of late years is remarkable. A posthumous child can, with decency, only make its appearance once and away, but to these isolated offsprings of the brain there appears to be no limit. In at least one case a serial blossoms yearly from the grave of a popular author. This is a kind of competition which those who are alive are not prepared for, and some of them complain about it bitterly; but to repress this particular kind of literary output is very difficult. It is no use "slating" the novels (though to say truth most of them deserve it) because the writers in all human probability no longer concern themselves with Press notices. The satirical observation that we do not believe there is a Mrs. Harris has no point, because it is freely admitted that there is none. It is to these cases that the line in Gray's "Elegy" which has been accused of having no meaning, "Still in their ashes live their wonted fires," seems to have some applicability. Many of those who object to this intrusion of departed writers into their line of business roundly affirm that they don't believe it is they who write the books. They think it is their sisters, or their cousins, or their aunts, or perhaps their literary executors. In my editorial capacity, years and years ago, I was in the habit of receiving manuscripts from a well-known and brilliant writer for some time after his decease; but this did not at all surprise me, because I had long suspected that he employed two members of his family, almost as clever as himself, to write for him. He

threw in touches, just as the elder Dumas did in his collaborated compositions, but the stories were theirs. There was no reason why there should have been any end to "the manuscripts found in our dear father's desk," but they quarrelled with his widow about who should receive the payment for them, which produced a revelation in the state of affairs. They had, in the words of the popular ballad, to "admit with deep contrition their ways were not exactly right," while their devotion to the memory of their distinguished parent (who had recommended the course they had pursued as his last legacy to his issue) made their position one of great delicacy. Their case, however, was no doubt exceptional. One is content to believe that these posthumous works are genuine. But what surprises one is how they come to be posthumous. The authors were in their lifetime well known, and had a market always open to them. Many of them were prolific, though no one suspected the amazing fecundity that they afterwards developed. Why did they not reap the harvest of their diligence and fertility when they were alive? One cannot avoid the impression that they had reasons—at all events satisfactory to their own minds—for suppressing the publication of these works. They probably thought (which in many cases has turned out to be the fact) that they would detract from their literary reputation. Under such circumstances, it seems a pity that their representatives should have ignored their views.

I have great news for popular authors. One of our greatest literary favourites has discovered a method of diminishing the plague of autograph-seekers by two-thirds; this device has also the advantage of assisting a philanthropic object. To every application he returns a circular form setting forth that in order to protect his time, which is much taken up with answering similar appeals, he will only send his autograph on receipt of a shilling's-worth of stamps, as a subscription to a certain local charity. He tells me that the effect of this manifesto upon even the most ardent admirers was complete and immediate; he has only one-third of the number of applicants that he used to have. "This is the end," as Miss Squeers would say, of sixty-six per cent. of literary adulation. Persons who would "greatly value," "esteem it as the highest favour," and even have "long awfully desired to have" this personal memento of their favourite novelist are disinclined to give twelve stamps for it! He writes me, but without bitterness, for he is the most good-natured of men, that their conduct reminds him of the British school-boy, who to the questions "Will you take your oath about it?" and "Will you take your dying oath?" replied with promptness, "Yes." But when the interrogatory was varied, and he was asked, "Would you bet sixpence?" he answered "No." This falling off of enthusiasm in the presence of a financial test, however small, is not peculiar to persons with a capacity for literary appreciation; but of all classes with whom I am acquainted, the smaller literary fry (partly, no doubt, from their poverty) are most disinclined to financial risk. They will run the risk—nay, the certainty—of rejection for an ill-written manuscript rather than give the few shillings charged by the typewriter. They have every confidence in its suitability and exceptional merit, but they will not put their money upon it even to the most trifling extent.

It is a great thing to have a mystery cleared up, but still more to have one's individual doubts removed about an article of faith that has been accepted by one's friends. This has been done for me by a correspondent of the *Spectator*. He was travelling on the Underground with a masterless dog who had not paid for his ticket, and who was evidently aware of that important omission. He knew, in fact, that he was a stowaway, and very prudently remained under the seat until he reached the station for which he was bound. "He had ample opportunity for getting out both at Addison Road and Kensington," but his destination was Sloane Square, at which station he jumped out with no time to spare: to alter slightly the lines which describe Marmion's exit from Tantallon Castle, "To pass there was such scanty room, the door in shutting grazed his plume"—i.e., his tail. It seems to the *Spectator's* correspondent that he could only have accomplished his object "by counting the stations, in which case he must have been able to reckon up to five." This is not only interesting in itself, but explains how dogs—in the *Anecdotes of Instinct* at least—manage to return from Edinburgh, whither they have gone by train, to London for example, as it has been hitherto supposed by road. They do not, and I never thought they did, do anything of the kind. It may redound less to their instinct but more to their intelligence that they return home, as they went, by the railway, and they do so—which even human beings find it difficult to effect—without paying for their tickets. Henceforward I hope there will be an end to these stories which have so long stretched credulity beyond its limits.

A London magistrate has decided that snoring—even "snoring like a prize ox"—is not only not a criminal offence, but cannot be legally considered a nuisance. "It is," he cynically remarked, "one of the benefits of flat life." The complainant in the case happened to live in a flat; but the offence in question is committed in all kinds of houses. Considering the many reasons that have been

given for dissolution of marriage, it is amazing that snoring has never been one of them. "Incompatibility of temper" is nothing to it, and, indeed, is included in it; for who can keep their temper with a bedfellow who snores? At all events, the habit should be honourably confessed to by the friends of the family on either side (like the existence of hereditary madness) before the matrimonial ceremony has been performed. Some sufferers from this offence maintain, as Carlyle did of the cock-crowing, that it is not so much the actual noise as the waiting for it that is so terrible; but others affirm that there is no suspense in the matter, but that that roar follows upon roar like wave on wave. The only chance is to wake the miscreant by some false alarm, and then deny that you spoke, and get to sleep before he or she can. But what an effect must this duplicity have upon one's character when practised every night for years! Some say that the crime is caused by lying on one's back, but snorers who understand their business (for it surely cannot be any pleasure to them) can snore anywhere. You might as well say that an ophicleide requires to be held at a particular angle. There used to be a remedy advertised for this complaint (which, curiously enough, hurts everyone but the patient), but no one thanked you for making them a present of it. It was something that adapted itself to the shape of one's nose, and was stuck on to it with an excellent clip, but it was difficult to persuade one's friends to wear it.

We have had a long interval of silence as regards that favourite topic of the newspapers (during the recess), the Russian peasant and the wolves. The story went that, having unfortunately a large family, he saved himself from those importunate creatures by chucking his children out to them one after another, and so reaching home with a whole skin. Though this course of conduct showed considerable intelligence in the chucker-out, it was never approved of from the moral point of view, and we have none too early now got a new version of the transaction. We have the old "properties"—the wolves, the sleigh, the peasant, and one of the children, with the addition of the mother of the family. Finding the wolves gaining upon them, the husband and father suggests throwing the child out to them, which his wife vehemently opposes. In the struggle (according to the account of his friends) they fall out, but it is suggested that he assists their exit. At all events, he drives on alone, and is naturally disappointed to find the wolves still after him. What they want, in the first place, is the horse, and they fail to notice the two persons who have left the conveyance. In the end they eat the horse and also the peasant, while mother and child are doing well. This is a fine moral lesson for the future, but in the meantime it does not show any improvement in the behaviour of the Russian peasant, which is just what it used to be fifty years ago, when I first heard the story.

It is a proof how far we have strayed from the paths of simplicity that the pleasant little idyll called "Tryphena in Love" should be called by persons who ought to know better "sentimental." There are many worse epithets for a book, it is true, but to apply it to so unsophisticated a work as this shows a warped judgment. It is composed of the most ordinary materials: an invalid youth (spinal complaint of course) with a love of reading; a high-born maiden full of graciousness; a low-born ditto who is unnecessarily jealous of her; and the youth's aunt, who reminds us, though not in a slavish way, of the immortal Mrs. Poyser. In her old farmhouse there is "the Chamber where the King hid," and she is never indisposed to show it to strangers:—

Oh, ay! Mrs. Joshua Pettigrew she would show the room, right enough, to be sure she would. A terrible long room, panelled from floor to ceiling in oak so black as a hat, with a great window at both ends. She ha'n't never denied nobody in all her life, not as anybody have ever a-heard tell. It wouldn't be one morsel-bit o' trouble to Mrs. Joshua Pettigrew. Not that. And she could tell up all about it. No fear. A thing, look-y-zee, mid goo in to one ear and out at t'other wi' zome; but not wi' Mrs. Joshua Pettigrew. She've a-got a head-piece to hold un. That was her cows, as you comed by up'pon hill, if you chanced to turn your head. Very respectable widow-oman! She've a-kept on the farm these ten year. Very God-fearing industrious body! She'd talk a ho'se's hind leg off, as the saying is, once get her a-started. Straight on, you'll come to the house halfway down the hill. You won't be putting nobody to no ill-convenience. Besides, they do never use the room, except mayhap in summer for the sick boy.

One is a little impatient with the sick boy for not appreciating Tryphena's unselfish devotion to him as it deserves: boys generally understand when girls are in love with them, and, indeed, often suppose they are so when it is not the case. Nor is it any argument to say that he was in love with somebody else, for it is quite easy for a boy to find room in his heart for two. Still, one says these things only on Tryphena's account, with whom, at all events, we are in love, and shall ever remain so. A very modest, simple girl, as unlike a New Woman as a lily-of-the-valley is to a tulip, but when another is preferred to her by no means a patient Griselda either. If anyone has still taste for an idyllic picture of country life, with a fine flavour of letters about it, let him read, "Tryphena in Love." It has only one fault in common with many stories of the time (though in them we do not always observe it)—it is far too short.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

I am told on the very best authority that I made a blunder when I imagined that "Fortune's Fool," so admirably painted and described by Mr. Henry Hamilton, committed suicide at four o'clock in the morning instead of four o'clock in the afternoon. I cannot say how it was, but the whole atmosphere of the little play, as I saw it on the first night, pointed distinctly to that dread hour, "between the daylight and the dark," when King Death stalks about paramount. I suppose it was a fact that Mr. Hamilton had so far succeeded in exciting my imagination that I honestly believed that the young egoist took his own life at four o'clock in the early morning. To me the room and the surroundings looked grimly dark. The silence was that of the night. The fanciful idea of opening the door and ushering in King Death did not somehow or other seem to fit into an afternoon tragedy. In the stillness of the night a man would sit down at the piano in that dreadful loneliness of bachelor's chambers, would make an altar of the loved one's picture, and adorn it with flowers. The essence of the play seemed to me to be mystery and loneliness. However, I was wrong. The youth committed suicide at four o'clock in the afternoon. "Fortune's Fool" is rather a creepy little play, but it is well and feelingly written, and Mr. Lewis Waller by his intensity and earnestness holds his audience as in a vice, or at any rate did so to a first-night audience.

Our theatrical bookshelves are the richer by the addition of Mr. William Archer's "Theatrical World of 1894," a most interesting volume to all students of the stage, whether they agree with Mr. Archer's opinions on the plays of the day or not. Before a judge can properly decide on a case he must hear both the counsel for the prosecution and for the defence. The volume is made the more interesting by the addition of a prologue by Mr. Bernard Shaw, an epilogue by Mr. Archer, and a very useful synopsis of playbills by Mr. Henry George Hibbert, whose value would, I think, have been increased by printing the playbill and the date of the play at the head of each of Mr. Archer's notices. However, there is a good index, and there is no real difficulty in ascertaining the date of the play and the names of all who acted in it.

Mr. Bernard Shaw very fairly says: "We all know by this time that the effect of the actor-manager system is to impose on every dramatic author who wishes to have his work produced in first-rate style the condition that there shall be a good part for the actor-manager in it. This is not in the least due to the vanity of the actor-manager; it is due to his popularity. The strongest fascination at a theatre is the fascination of the actor or actress, not of the author." All this is absolutely true, and it is the necessary outcome of theatrical enterprise. And it must ever be so until we get our State Theatre or County Council Theatre, or whatever fad may be the order of the day, and even then the director of the State Theatre or the County Council Theatre would be a born idiot if in casting his plays he did not select the best available talent to interpret them. In the palmy days of the Comédie Française were Favart or Delaunay, Bernhardt or Mounet-Sully, Bressant or Got ever left out in the cold? And were not plays chosen by the committee to suit the individual style of "stars"? For there must be stars in every theatrical hemisphere, whether State-aided or merely commercial. In the Saxe-Meiningen Society, when was Barnay ignored? How could he be, when he was the best actor in the troupe? But Mr. Bernard Shaw has a remedy. The actress-manageress is to succeed the actor-manager, and all will be right. I cannot conceive why. Mr. Shaw says, "Again, if we compare Miss Elizabeth Robins, the creator of Hedda Gabler, and Hilda Wangel with Miss Kate Rorke at the Garrick Theatre, or the records of Miss Florence Farr and Miss Marion Lea with that of Miss Mary Moore at the Criterion, we cannot but see that the time is ripe for the advent of the actress-manageress!" But what, may I ask, have all these gifted ladies done but take the very best parts in the plays they particularly fancied? Actor-managers have done no more. Miss Janet Achurch took the best part in "A Doll's House," Miss Robins, Miss Florence Farr, and Miss Marion Lea took the best parts they could conveniently secure, and did the best they could with them. Had they been as popular as Miss Kate Rorke or Miss Mary Moore, they would doubtless have created the leading characters in Mr. Pinero's "Profligate" or Mr. H. A. Jones's "Rebellious Susan"—neither part, surely, to be supported by any actress. Elsewhere I have pointed out how strange it is to pity Miss Ellen Terry for being "condemned to support" Mr. Irving, when she has played nearly all the finest characters in the Shaksperian drama, and has herself created the magnificent Camma in "The Cup" and the exquisite creature in "The Amber Heart"—more perfect pictures of true womanhood, to my mind, than all the Doras, Heddas, and Hildas put together. Where has Mrs. Patrick Campbell suffered by not being an actress-manageress? Where has Miss Winifred Emery been stifled? Human nature is human nature. The actor will get the best part he can, and so will the actress, until the end of time.

We are told—seriously, dogmatically told—that Mr. Daly "had little success except in the Shaksperian revivals." I always understood that he had an enormous success season after season with translated German plays, when they were taken in hand by Ada Rehan, John Drew, James Lewis, and Mrs. Gilbert. We are told that Mrs. John Wood is the only actress-manageress in London. I fail to see her name at the head of any theatre, and always understood she was "starring"

and made a very good "star," too, in a line in which she is unrivalled. But of course, having studied this question for only thirty-five years, week in, week out, I am not in a position to speak *ex cathedra* as yet, as others so confidently do. Of one thing I am quite certain, and that is that when there is a public demand for "Wild Ducks" we shall see the theatrical market full of them.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE LATE LORD ALCESTER.

Admiral Lord Alcester has soon followed his old friend Sir Geoffrey Hornby to the grave. The Royal Navy of England—"the floating bulwark of our island," as Blackstone termed it—has thus lost within a brief period two of its best-known sons. Frederick Beauchamp Paget Seymour was the younger son of the late Sir Horace Beauchamp Seymour, a distinguished military man, who sat in the House of Commons for many years. The future Lord Alcester was born on April 12, 1821, and entered the Navy at the age of thirteen. His career was filled with experiences both varied and exciting. He took part in the Burmese War in the fifties, served on the *Brisk* during the Russian War, and commanded the Naval Brigade in New Zealand. For two years prior to attaining flag rank in 1870 he was private secretary to the First Lord of the Admiralty. He was next Commander-in-Chief of the Detached Squadron; then in 1872 he became Junior Lord of the Admiralty. For three years he commanded

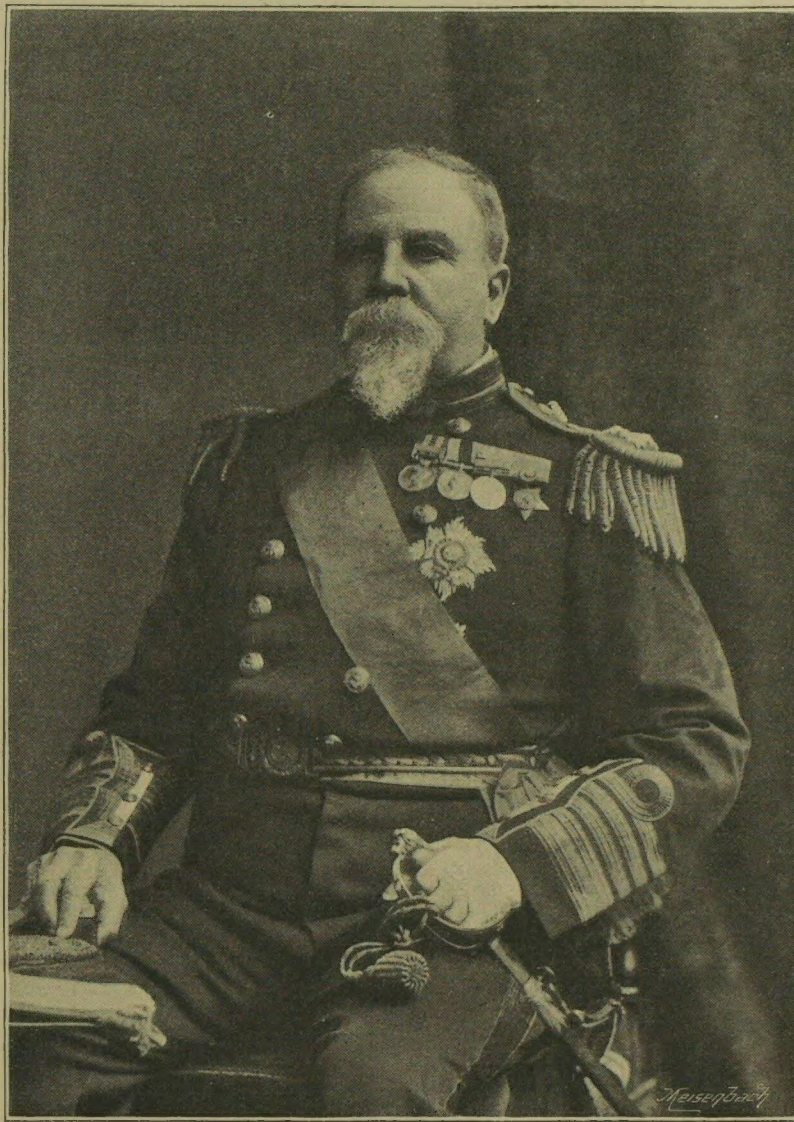


Photo by Russell and Sons.

THE LATE LORD ALCESTER.

the Channel Squadron, and for a like period the Mediterranean Squadron. When Dulcigno was evacuated by the Turks, Sir Beauchamp Seymour was senior officer. This incident preceded the chief event of his life—the bombardment and occupation of Alexandria. He was unjustly blamed for certain defective methods connected with this highly responsible work, but his services were rightly appreciated by the nation and his sovereign. He was created Baron Alcester in November 1882, was thanked by both Houses of Parliament, and voted the sum of £25,000. Many other honours were conferred upon him, including the freedom of the City of London. He was Second Lord of the Admiralty from 1883 to 1885, but in the following year retired by reason of the age clause. Lord Alcester died at his home in Ryder Street, W., on March 30.

FUNERAL OF SIR PATRICK GRANT.

Full military honours were rightly accorded to Sir Patrick Grant's funeral on April 2. The Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Connaught, Lord Roberts, Lord Wolseley, Sir Evelyn Wood, and many distinguished military men paid a last tribute of respect by attending the service held in the Royal Hospital Chapel. The body was thence conveyed to Brompton Cemetery. The Queen, the Prince of Wales, the German Emperor, and the Duke of York, were represented at what was a most impressive ceremony. A guard of honour of the Foot Guards was stationed at the Governor's residence, and received the body with the usual honours. The route to the chapel was lined by the Chelsea pensioners, a picturesque set of veterans. The body, on arrival at the chapel, was attended by a general officer bearing the orders and medals of the deceased, and a general officer bearing Sir Patrick's field-marshal's baton. After the service, the coffin was placed on a gun-carriage,

and set forth with an escort of the Royal Horse Guards and two squadrons of Household Cavalry for its last destination. At the entrance to the cemetery a guard of honour of the Seaforth Highlanders was stationed, and, accompanied by its band, escorted the body to the grave. A detachment of the Foot Guards kept a space round the grave, and thus was completed the final token of military honour to one who himself did honour to the British Army.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

In spite of the rejection in the German Imperial Reichstag on March 23, by 163 votes against 146, of the proposed official message of birthday congratulations to the great octogenarian statesman in his retirement at Friedrichsruh, the nation, led by its young and chivalrous Emperor William II., joined personally by several of the other sovereign princes of the Federal Empire, has bestowed on Prince Bismarck extraordinary signs of public gratitude and unabated esteem. The Emperor at once sent a telegram to Prince Bismarck, expressing his "deepest indignation at the decision just taken by the Imperial Diet. The Diet of the kingdom of Prussia by a large majority voted a resolution of the same tenor as that which had been negatived in the Federal Assembly of the empire. On March 25 about four hundred members of the Upper and Lower Houses of the Prussian Diet and of the German Diet, headed by Count Stolberg, Herr von Köller, and the ex-President Levetzky, went by train to Friedrichsruh, and were received by Bismarck in front of his house, where they presented addresses to him. On the next day, Tuesday, March 26, the Emperor himself, accompanied by the Crown Prince of Prussia and Germany, the Minister of War, and the chiefs of other Ministerial departments, came to visit Bismarck and to inspect the squadron of Cuirassiers of which he is honorary Colonel, with which companies of other troops, Hussars, infantry, and artillery were brigaded. Before the review, at which his Majesty appeared on horseback, while Prince Bismarck with the Crown Prince sat in a carriage, the Emperor made a brief speech extolling Bismarck most highly. He then presented Bismarck with a superb sword of honour, in a golden scabbard. The actual anniversary of Bismarck's birthday—Monday, April 1—was in the intervening days preceded by other complimentary visits and addresses, which are noticed among our Foreign News.

"THE NOTORIOUS MRS. EBBSMITH."

Mr. Pinero may justly claim that his play at the Garrick has given the opportunity for a display of histrionic talent rare on the English or on any stage. Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Mr. John Hare, and Mr. Forbes Robertson may challenge comparison with the best exponents of the contemporary French drama. Acting at once so strong and so subtle is a very high tribute to the quality of the playwright; and, whatever we may think of Mr. Pinero's scheme as a whole, there are some scenes at the Garrick of the most intense and absorbing interest. The duel between Mrs. Ebbsmith and the Duke of St. Olpherts for the possession of the vacillating Lucas Cleeve belongs in the highest degree to the drama of character and temperaments. Mr. Hare has often been seen as a grandee and a polished man of the world. He has a whole gallery of portraits in that style, beginning with the Russian Prince in "Ours," all distinguished by admirable finesse and elaboration. But as the Duke of St. Olpherts he plays with a breadth and a sustained strength which he has never before achieved, and that is because the intellectual fibre of the part is infinitely superior to any previous impersonation. To say that his Duke is like Lord Dangars in "The Profligate," is to confuse two absolutely distinct characters. The Duke is something more than a cynical man of pleasure: he is a diplomatist of a rare order, and in his struggle with a woman whose type is quite new to him he handles his forces with consummate skill. The finest touch in Mr. Hare's performance is his spontaneous and admiring recognition of Mrs. Ebbsmith's sincerity. Of Mrs. Patrick Campbell it is difficult to speak too highly. She has Eleanor Duse's gift of a naturalness so persuasive that all thought of artistic effort is lost in the achievement of reality.

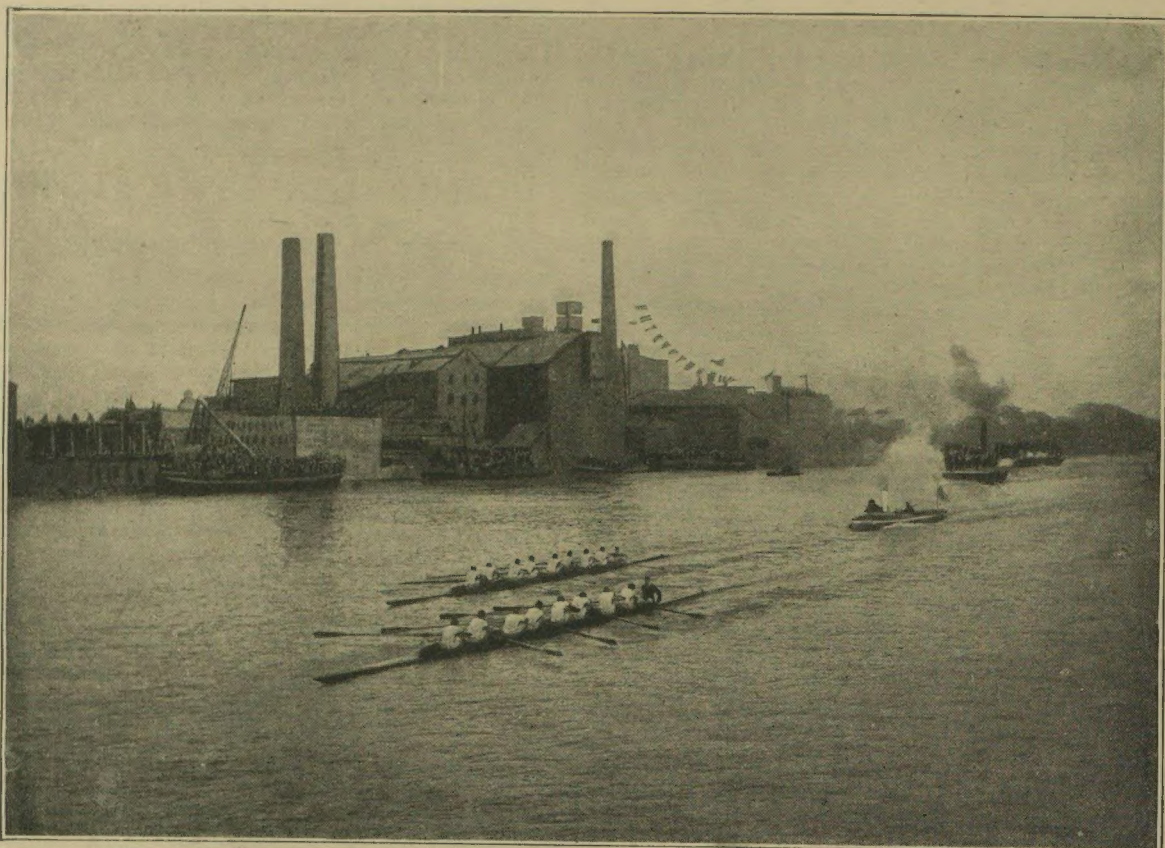
MR. W. C. GULLY, Q.C., M.P.

An interesting if not edifying canvass of the claims of various members of Parliament to succeed Mr. Peel in the Speakership is now on the point of settlement. The high office is one to which any member may honourably aspire, but which few men could fill with the dignity and distinction associated with Mr. Peel's tenure of it. The many qualities of mind and body which are requisite in a Speaker might well give pause to any rapid settlement of the question which has had, unfortunately, to be considered during the last three or four weeks. The list of names which originally were mentioned has now dwindled down to two or three. Desiring to take no prominent part in a decision which affects less itself than the House, the Government has refrained from pinning its faith to any individual aspirant. Nevertheless, as Mr. Campbell-Bannerman and Mr. Courtney have now withdrawn from the contest, it is understood that Mr. William Court Gully, Q.C., M.P., will receive official support. Mr. Gully is the son of the late Dr. J. M. Gully, of The Priory, Great Malvern, and is in his sixtieth year. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1856, and M.A., Senior in Moral Science Tripos, three years later. He was called to the Bar of the Inner Temple in 1860, and took silk in 1877. Mr. Gully has been Liberal member for Carlisle since 1886, having previously unsuccessfully contested Whitehaven on two occasions.

THE UNIVERSITIES' BOAT-RACE.

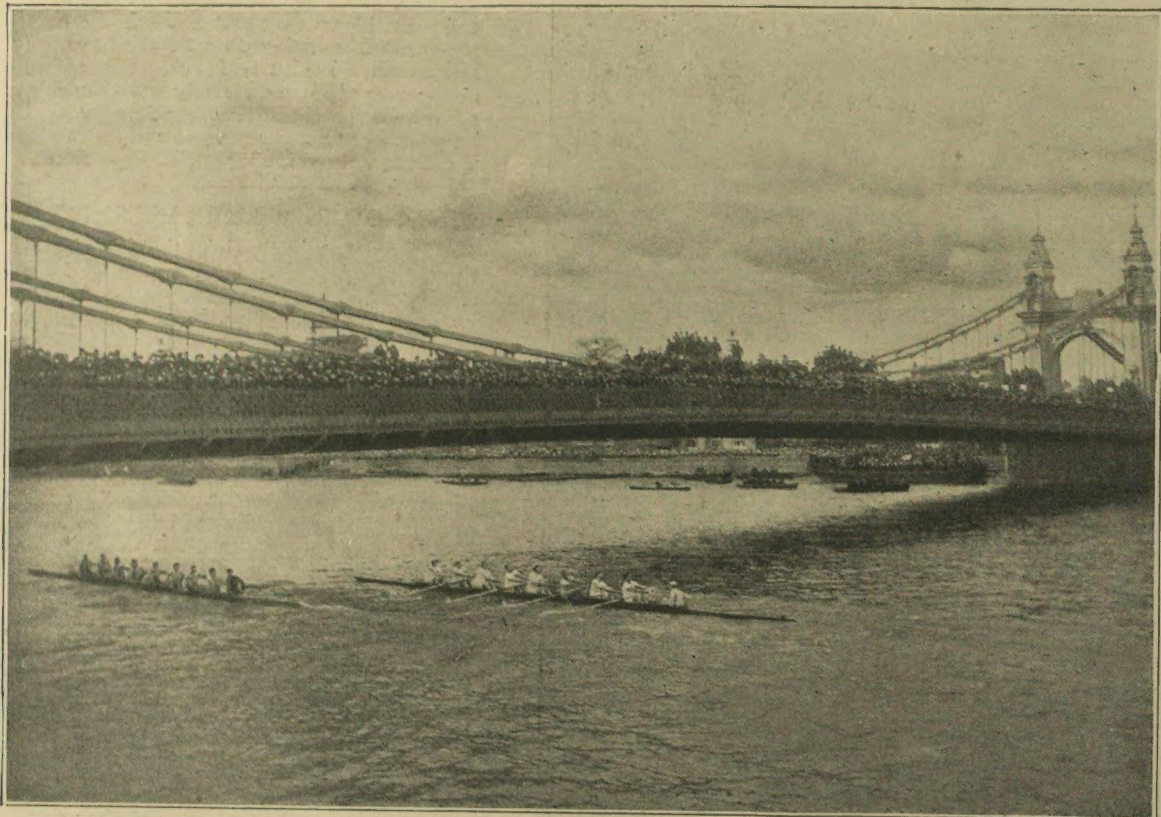
It was an unequal contest from the beginning. In the Oxford boat were six old Blues—all but two distinguished Eton oarsmen—while the Cambridge crew were represented by eight new men, only two of whom were used to tidal waters. No one could have anticipated success for Cambridge against one of the finest 'Varsity eights that ever wore the dark blue colours at Putney. The Cantabs, though given up as hopeless by the public, and even by their friends, were far from being dispirited by the overwhelming odds against them, and, to their infinite credit be it said, they made the fifty-second contest memorable by one of the pluckiest exhibitions of oarsmanship ever seen on the Thames.

Neither in the selection of the crew, in training, in coaching, or in the health of the men, were Cambridge favoured of fortune. They had innumerable difficulties to encounter, and rose superior to them all. If their efforts were not crowned with victory, they at least achieved one of the most honourable defeats on record. Although the Cantabs lost the toss, and the Oxonians, who chose the Surrey side, were sheltered from a blustering south-west wind, the crews struck the water simultaneously, and the race for the first hundred yards was a desperate one. Racing abreast up to the boat-houses, the bows of the rival boats alternately overlapped each other according to the full stroke of each crew. It is even claimed that Cambridge had a slight lead, but this is doubtful. At last the canvas of the Oxford boat was clear, and at Rose Cottage, Pitman



FROM HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE.

Photo by Stearn, Cambridge.



SHOOTING HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE.

Photo by Stearn, Cambridge.

rowing a longer and slower stroke than Wachope, the Oxford boat was half a length in front. Those who expected to see Cambridge flurried and short in their stroke were agreeably surprised at the fine form of the crew. Even then, however, the Oxonians were more mechanically correct, and were showing the beautiful rhythmic motion which has distinguished the Oxford boats for the last five years. From the Press-boat one could imagine that the Light Blue stroke's face was set and determined as he kept his men well at work. He spurred slightly, and got back a little of the lost lead; but the effort died away, till at the Old Soap Works the Cambridge bow and the Oxford cox were nearly level. Here Oxford once more began to draw away, but they could never quite shake off their tenacious rivals. Racing from the Suspension Bridge at Hammersmith, Cambridge then probably made the finest effort of the day, and as they passed under the shadow of the structure it could be seen that Oxford were leading by just the length of their boat. So far it had been a battle of giants, and there was nothing really to tell, excepting to the trained eye of the expert, that Oxford were the superior crew. Just above Hammersmith daylight began to show between the boats, but it was only momentarily, for the water became rough, and Pitman slackened his rate of striking. Contrary to expectations, the Cambridge crew did not go to pieces in the rough water. With their low feather they undoubtedly splashed a good deal, but quickening their stroke, they actually gained on their rivals. It was just after this point that the great excellence of the Oxford crew manifested itself. As the crews neared Chiswick Eyot the boats were well clear of one another, and as they ran along the island Pitman

called upon his men, and putting in some magnificent work, the Oxford boat fairly flew along. At Chiswick Church Oxford were three-quarters of a length ahead, and were never afterwards more closely approached. The race as a race was now virtually over, but the thousands who had gone out to see Cambridge crushed remained to cheer their comparative success. The leaders from this point practically went at their own pace. Cambridge had spent themselves in the rough water, one or two of the crew were showing signs of distress, and now and again the boat gave an ugly roll. The Light Blues had been pulling from one to two strokes per minute more than Oxford all the way from Hammersmith to Duke's Meadows, but Pitman's stroke was far more telling of the two. As the rival boats approached Barnes Bridge the long, sweeping strokes of Oxford were telling their inevitable tale, and although Wachope and his men quickened up to thirty-six, Oxford held the race safely in hand. At one time Oxford might have been three and a half clear lengths ahead, but the official ruling was a victory for the Dark Blues by two and a quarter lengths, and the time 20 min. 50 sec. The men in the Cambridge boat were unmistakably pumped out when the pistol fired, but the winners were comparatively fresh, and it will probably never be known how great was the superiority of the Oxonians. Altogether, the race will be memorable, not so much from the fact that Oxford won the sixth race in succession as from the splendid but unsuccessful efforts of the Cantabs. Out of the fifty-two races Oxford have now won twenty-nine, and Cambridge twenty-two.



THE FINISH AT MORTLAKE.

Photo by Stearn, Cambridge.



PRINCE BISMARCK'S EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY: VISIT OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR TO PRINCE BISMARCK AT FRIEDRICHSRUH.

Photograph by Stumper and Co., Hamburg.



THE FUNERAL OF FIELD-MARSHAL SIR PATRICK GRANT.

PERSONAL.

Sir Edward Grey, whose little speech about France has caused such a commotion across the Channel, is a model Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. He has disproved the tradition that an Under-Secretary is only the mouthpiece of his chief, for Sir Edward Grey always shows his quality best when he is suddenly exposed to cross-examination. His warning to France was read from a document carefully prepared beforehand, but in his subsequent explanations he displayed remarkable coolness and tact. Among the junior members of the present Administration Sir Edward Grey has unquestionably made the highest mark.

With Mr. John Bell, who died last week in his modest house in Kensington, there passed away at the age of

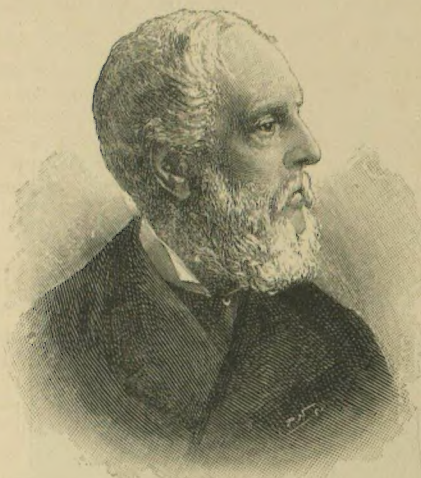


Photo by Clay and Son.
THE LATE MR. JOHN BELL.

success was the figure known as "The Eagle-Slayer," originally exhibited in 1837. Some will recollect that at the Universal Exhibition of 1851 it was Bell's "Eagle-Slayer" which was put forward in competition with Gibson's "Tinted Venus" as the two most important specimens of the British school of sculpture. His figure of "Dorothea" was even more popular among a large number of persons. It was doubtless from the energy with which Mr. John Bell threw himself into the movement which under the direction of the late Prince Consort culminated in the South Kensington Museum, that he enjoyed so large a share of the commissions for sculpture which were being given by the Government and private individuals.

The Czar has been called upon to settle a knotty point in Russian administration. Hitherto the journalists in his dominions have been at the mercy of an arbitrary censor, who has suspended and suppressed newspapers at his own sweet will. In the total absence of regulations, no journalist is ever able to tell whether his enterprise will be tolerated by the authorities or not. A perfectly arbitrary censor may destroy a writer's means of livelihood on the most trivial pretext in a passing fit of irritation. A decree of suppression may be due to dyspepsia. By some singular chance the Czar has been induced to receive a memorial from the journalists praying him to put the censorship on an intelligible basis. The Ministers who are responsible for the control of the Russian Press have been invited to explain their position, and they will, of course, point out to the Czar that a censorship which has to be conducted according to well-understood rules will lose half its authority. It is the unexpected which keeps the Russian journalist in order.

Journalism in the West of England has lost in Mr. Albert Groser one of its most prominent figures. For



THE LATE MR. ALBERT GROSER.

publication and distribution of the *Western Morning News*. The first telephone in Devon was fitted up between his office and his home. He had a great belief in attention to local topics as well as in treating politics from a standpoint which, in later days, was very similar to the "middle course" adopted by the *Pall Mall Gazette*. He was a Unionist, a strong advocate of temperance, a man possessed of unusual commercial ability as well as sound discrimination. Many of the philanthropic causes of Plymouth will miss his energy and liberality. In the formation of the Plymouth Coffee-House Company he took a leading part, and for twenty-five years he was a member of the Port of Plymouth Chamber of Commerce. His life had been very strenuous, but latterly his ill-health compelled him to journey abroad. He paid a visit to Africa not long ago, and wrote a series of interesting letters describing his experiences. It was at Cairo that Mr. Groser died on

March 30, aged fifty-six. His family has for generations been connected with literary pursuits, and much of Mr. Groser's journalistic ability has descended to his daughter, who has long been a regular contributor to the *Western Morning News*.

During the last quarter of a century several distinguished military men have proved the pen to be as efficient a weapon as the sword. Two or three of them have also shown considerable ability in

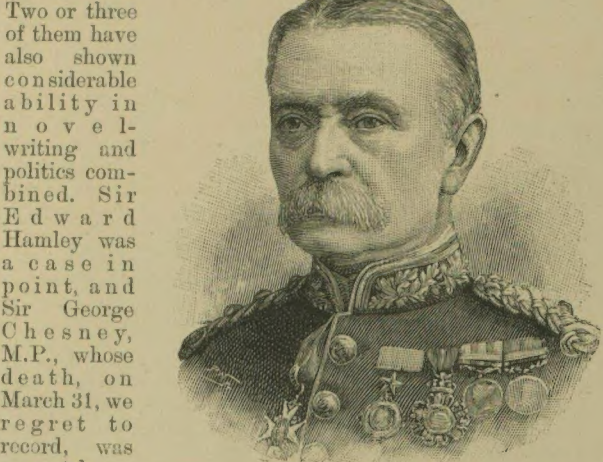


Photo by Maull and Fox.

THE LATE GENERAL SIR GEORGE CHESNEY, G.C.B., M.P. George was the son of the late Captain C. E. Chesney, R.A., and was nearly sixty-five years of age. He served during the Indian Mutiny, being severely wounded at Delhi, and went through the Burmese War. For five years he was a member of the Council of the Governor-General of India, and he was a director of the East India Railway Company. His anonymous "Battle of Dorking" served an admirable purpose in 1871, and showed considerable literary skill, afterwards exemplified in Sir George's capital novels "The Lesters" and "The Dilemma." He was elected Conservative member for Oxford City in 1892, and had just begun modestly to impress the House with his wide knowledge when sudden death removed him.

Field-Marshal Sir Patrick Grant, who passed away at the age of ninety, on March 28, was assuredly one of the



Photo by Maull and Fox.

THE LATE FIELD-MARSHAL SIR PATRICK GRANT, G.C.B.

Adjutant-General served through the campaign against the hostile hill tribes of Kohat. A lull followed, and in 1856 he was promoted to the rank of General, and became Commander-in-Chief of the Madras Army, the first distinction of this sort conferred on a Company officer. At the commencement of the Indian Mutiny Grant was appointed temporary Commander-in-Chief in India. On the arrival of Sir Colin Campbell, Grant retired to the Madras command, leaving Sir Colin the chance of winning laurels. This self-denying ordinance is one of the brightest pages in Sir Patrick's career. He was for five years Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Malta, and since 1874 had been Governor of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, where he died.

The seat at East Bristol has been filled by the return of Sir W. H. Wills, head of the well-known firm of tobacco

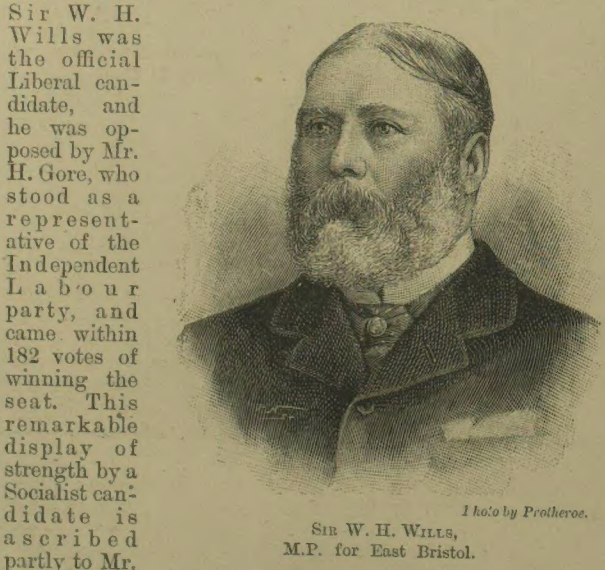


Photo by Protheroe.

SIR W. H. WILLS, M.P. for East Bristol.

Gore's personal popularity in the constituency, but it is a sign of the serious difficulties which the problems of labour

and the unrest that springs from them have created for the Liberal party. Sir William has had previous Parliamentary experience, having represented Coventry from 1880 to 1885. He is sixty-four years of age, and was educated at Mill Hill School and London University. He has been Chairman of the Bristol Chamber of Commerce, and is a Director of the Great Western Railway Company. He was created a baronet in 1893.

Mr. Nelson, the Conservative candidate for Leamington, has withdrawn, and Mr. George Peel is now claiming the undivided suffrages of the local Unionists. There are some threats of abstention on the part of Tories, who contended that the Unionist compact did not apply to Leamington, and that the constituency could not fairly be regarded as a Liberal Unionist seat, but it is not expected that this resentment will be carried into practical effect. There is a prospect of a close fight at Oxford, where the sudden death of Sir George Chesney has found the Conservatives unprepared with a candidate. The Liberal champion is Dr. Fletcher Little.

A useful career has been closed by the death, on March 31, of Sir Charles Mills, who since 1882 has been



Photo by Thomson.

THE LATE SIR CHARLES MILLS, K.C.M.G., C.B.

Next he went to British Kaffraria, and became High Sheriff at King Williamstown. When Kaffraria was incorporated with Cape Colony, Captain Mills entered the Cape Parliament. Subsequently he was Chief Finance Clerk in the Colonial Secretary's Office, and in 1872 he was chosen Permanent Under-Secretary to the colony. This appointment preceded that which he held till his decease. He was a hard worker, and the roll of names linked with the later development of the Cape contains few worthier than that of Sir Charles Mills. He was modest on his own account, but always determined that the colony should receive its due meed of praise.

The Monday Popular Concert of April 1 was chiefly notable for Herr Joachim's annual and admirable performance of Tartini's "Trillo del Diavolo." It is a noble work in spite of the stiffness of its formalism, and Herr Joachim is, perhaps, the only living violinist who, in spite of that formalism, can make the nobility and the human note of this famous caprice patent and intelligible. He seems to draw a curtain and expose a breathing figure, whose existence you had before only pithily guessed. How admirable would Corelli be in the hands of this artist! Miss Fillunger sang two Mendelssohns and two Schuberts with sincerity if not with distinction; and Mr. Isidor Cohn played Chopin with somewhat dubious success.

The late Dean of Canterbury, who died on March 31, despite his want of sympathy with modern criticism, was

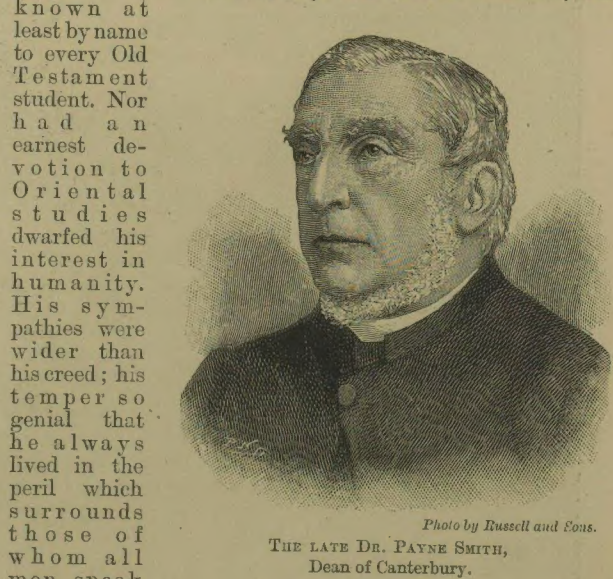


Photo by Russell and Sons.

THE LATE DR. PAYNE SMITH, Dean of Canterbury.

known at least by name to every Old Testament student. Nor had a earnest devotion to Oriental studies dwarfed his interest in humanity. His sympathies were wider than his creed; his temper so genial that he always lived in the peril which surrounds those of whom all men speak well. Robert Payne Smith came from Gloucestershire, where he was born in 1818, and, naturally enough, went up with a scholarship to Pembroke College, Oxford, diverged into other paths, and won the Boden Sanskrit Scholarship in 1840. The next year he took his degree, obtaining a second in classics. In 1843 he was ordained. The charm of Oriental studies grew upon him. After some years of teaching, he gave up the head mastership of Kensington Proprietary School to return to Oxford, in 1857, as Sub-Librarian of the Bodleian. In 1865 Payne Smith became Regius Professor of Divinity and Canon of Christ Church. In 1871 Mr. Gladstone asked Canon Payne Smith to leave Oxford for the deanery of Canterbury. He had begun in 1868 the publication of a Syriac Dictionary. He was Bampton Lecturer; he was an Old Testament reviser; and he was one of the orthodox invited to build up the "Speaker's Commentary."

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, with the ladies of the royal family and the children accompanying her at Cimiez, Nice, has continued to enjoy pleasant drives in that neighbourhood. On March 27 she visited the town and inspected the 24th Battalion of the Chasseurs des Alpes Maritimes on the Promenade: Commandant Rostan was presented to her. General Gebhardt, the Military Governor of Nice, and M. and Madame Cazalet, owners of the Villa Liserb, dined with the Queen next day. The Marquis of Dufferin, her Ambassador in France, visited her Majesty, with whom Earl Spencer has been staying as Minister of State; Lord Dufferin returned to Paris on March 29. Princess Beatrice (Princess Henry of Battenberg) and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein on March 27 opened a bazaar in aid of the parsonage building fund of the English Church at Nice. Their Royal Highnesses, with Prince Louis of Battenberg, on the 29th were at a reception given by Consul Harris and Mrs. Harris at the Villa Les Roches. The Queen is to be at Darmstadt on April 20, and to stay till the 25th. The German Emperor William and his mother, the Empress Frederick, being then at her mansion of Friedrichshof, near Homburg, will meet our Queen.

The Prince of Wales, on his return from Cannes and Paris, arrived in London on Thursday evening, March 28. On Saturday the Prince and Princess of Wales, with two daughters, went to Sandringham, but returned on Monday to London. The Duke of York has recovered from his illness, the influenza, which had confined him nearly a fortnight at York House. The Duchess of York on Saturday was at St. Martin's Town Hall, to present the prizes to the girls of St. Martin's High School. Their Royal Highnesses have gone to Sandringham.

The Prince of Wales on April 3 held a Levée at St. James's Palace on behalf of her Majesty.

The Earl of Kimberley, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, on Friday, March 29, received a large deputation of the Anglo-Armenian Association at the Foreign Office, and made a reply assuring them of a thorough and searching inquiry by the International Commissioners at Sassoun concerning the atrocious cruelties recently perpetrated. He said that the representatives of France and Russia were acting in full co-operation with the British Government, and he believed also that Italy felt strongly upon the subject, and that Germany would not be wanting in disposition to take the steps considered needful or desirable when the time should arrive.

The Duke of Cambridge and the Duke of Connaught on Tuesday, April 2, attended the funeral service in the chapel of Chelsea Hospital, immediately before the removal of Field-Marshal Sir Patrick Grant's body to Brompton Cemetery.

The Duchess of Teck was present on April 2 at a meeting held in aid of the Church Army, presided over by the Archbishop of Canterbury, at Stafford House.

There is a hope that the disastrous struggle and stoppage of work in the boot and shoe manufacturing trade may speedily be remedied by the amicable intervention of the Board of Trade. Sir Courtenay Boyle, the Secretary to that department, has arranged a conference, to be held on April 4, between delegates of the Manufacturers' or Masters' Federation and of the National Union of Operatives. The question most urgent seems to be that of remuneration for piecework where machinery is employed.

The local and personal differences of party electioneering interest at Leamington, with regard to the seat about to be vacated by the Speaker of the House of Commons, have been adjusted, so far as concerns the Liberal Unionist and Conservative parties, by the withdrawal of Mr. E. Montague Nelson, the Conservative candidate. Mr. George Peel, a younger son of the Speaker, remains the Unionist candidate.

The arbitrators in the dispute concerning special rules of working for the South Wales collieries held a final meeting at the Home Office on April 2, having been taking evidence and deliberating for eighteen months past. They have propounded a series of revised rules, applicable to 170 collieries, mostly relating to the use of safety lamps and explosives and timber supports for the roofs.

The annual Whitechapel picture exhibition, arranged by the Rev. Canon Barnett and the Toynbee Hall Committee, at St. Jude's Schools, Commercial Road, was opened on April 2 by the Right Hon. A. J. Mundella, M.P., to remain open about ten days.

The visit of the German Emperor William II. to Prince Bismarck, at Friedrichsruh, on March 26, which is separately described and illustrated, was a remarkable event. His Majesty, on Monday evening, April 1, which was the eightieth anniversary of the birth of the great German statesman, gave a grand State banquet in honour of him, in the White Hall of the Old Palace at Berlin. The Grand Dukes of Baden and Weimar and other German sovereigns, and the Imperial Chancellor, Prince Hohenlohe, made visits of birthday congratulation to Prince Bismarck, and the Prince Regent of Bavaria sent him an autograph letter. The Empress Frederick, the Emperor of Austria, the King of Saxony, the King of Wurtemberg, the King of Italy, and the King of Sweden and Norway communicated their special felicitations. There were patriotic festivities in many cities and towns of Germany. On the Monday, the actual birthday, at eleven o'clock, Prince Bismarck received deputations from Hamburg and the other German Hanse towns, and from all the German Universities,

accompanied by Professors and by four thousand University students, to whom he made a speech on the terrace in front of his house. At night, the grounds, gardens, and park of Friedrichsruh were illuminated with six thousand lamps, and there was a great torchlight procession.

The President of the French Republic, M. Faure, on March 28 was, at Sathonay, received by the Prefects of the Rhône and the Ain Departments and by the municipal and military authorities, and by General Duchesne, appointed to command the Madagascar Expedition. He presented flags to four new regiments of the French Army raised expressly for that expedition.

One of the vessels hired by the French Government for the conveyance of military stores to Madagascar, an English steamer called the *Brinkburn*, has been accidentally sunk, by collision with the *Alva*, another British steamer, in the Straits of Messina. It seems hardly credible that several French journals have suggested a possibility of this untimely injury being due to an act of English malice. The French, however, may naturally and reasonably feel a wish that they had French mercantile steamers enough disposable for their Government service in the ports of Havre, Marseilles, Nantes, Brest, and Toulon, to which England would make no objection.

The new Chancellor of the Russian Empire, Prince Lobanoff, has addressed a circular to all its representatives in the Balkan States, Roumania, Servia, and Bulgaria, enjoining them to abstain from any interference with the domestic affairs or the independent development of those countries. This is a policy which ought to have been

fleet has already seized the Pescadores, and has landed some troops on the shores of Formosa. It is expected that these will be claimed by Japan as permanent conquests, extending her maritime dominion nearly a thousand miles farther to the south-west, opposite the coast of China, halfway between Shanghai and Canton. Li-Hung-Chang is recovering from his wound in the face, but with a small pistol-bullet sticking in his cheekbone. His son-in-law attends the diplomatic discussions on his behalf. The assassin who shot him is sentenced to penal servitude for life.

The Hova native kingdom of Madagascar is preparing a vigorous resistance to the impending French invasion. The reigning Queen, with her husband, the Prime Minister, who is actually the Regent, held a great open-air meeting on Feb. 13, in front of the palace of Andohalo, in the centre of Antananarivo, the capital city. Her Majesty, attired in a robe of white satin, with a crimson velvet train, gold embroidered, wearing a golden coronet and ostrich plumes, waved a golden sword, while she proclaimed war against France. She used language almost identical with that of Queen Elizabeth at Tilbury after the defeat of the Spanish Armada, saying that "although God had made her a woman, she had the heart of a man and of a king." Two days afterwards the Malagasy army was reviewed, and there is no doubt that the soldiers will fight; but their valour is to be encouraged by the revival of an old law, that deserters are to be burnt to death.

The Cuban insurrection, though still of a local and desultory character, gives much disturbance to the Spanish government of that island. A rebel leader named Figuerado is chiefly spoken of as making progress. A strong band, with 3000 rifles, has landed on an undefended part of the coast, and a Spanish convoy of wagons with arms and ammunition has been captured.

The English team of cricketers in Australia conducted by Mr. A. Stoddart won their parting victory on Tuesday, April 2, at Adelaide, defeating the players of the colony, South Australia, with ten wickets to spare.

The Federal Court of Justice of the Argentine Republic, on April 2, decided that the provincial or State Government of Salta must surrender Mr. Jabez Balfour, there in custody, notwithstanding the civil action still pending against him in the local court; and he is ordered to be sent to Buenos Ayres, to be delivered to the British Legation, by which he will be sent to England for trial upon the charges of fraud and embezzlement, in connection with the "Liberator," and other building, bank, and land companies, to the amount of several millions sterling.

PARLIAMENT.

A very serious incident in the proceedings of the House of Commons was Sir Edward Grey's statement with regard to the alleged French expedition in the upper Valley of the Nile and in the Niger territory. The Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs declared that as both these regions were well known to be under British authority, any French expedition in either direction would be regarded by this country as "an unfriendly act." This important definition of policy led to a prolonged debate. Mr. Chamberlain laid great stress on the necessity of making our position clear to France, and Mr. Labouchere criticised the speech of Sir Edward Grey as needless "menace." Objection was made by Mr. Arnold-Forster, backed by Mr. Chamberlain, to the appointment of Sir Hercules Robinson as Governor of the Cape, on the ground that he had been too intimately connected with financial enterprises in South Africa. Mr. Sydney Buxton replied that Sir Hercules Robinson was no longer connected with any such concerns, and that he was the best man for the post to which the Government had appointed him. Mr. Bartley condemned the appointment of Mr. Sadler as Director of Special Inquiries and Reports in the Education Office, but as Mr. Sadler found very strong friends on the Opposition side, Mr. Bartley's motion was defeated by a majority of 136. Mr.

Dalziel carried a resolution in favour of "Home Rule all round" by a majority of 26 after a somewhat academic discussion. The second reading of the Welsh Disestablishment Bill was carried by a majority of 44 in a House of 564 members. The most notable speeches on the closing night of the debate were made by Mr. Goschen, Mr. Bryce, Mr. Birrell, Mr. Balfour, and Sir William Harcourt. Mr. Chamberlain did not speak, but voted with the Government. The second reading of the Irish Land Bill was moved by Mr. John Morley, who denounced the "automatic and mechanical violence" of the chief spokesman of the Irish landlords, Mr. Carson, and asserted the right of the tenant to the increased letting value of the land consequent on his improvements. From Mr. Carson's reply it was evident that this is the chief point of the Conservative objections to the Bill.

SLATIN BEY.

Slatin Bey (who is now more correctly described as Slatin Pasha) must be an object of great interest to publishers, and we are rather surprised not to learn that he is beset by representatives of every publishing firm in Europe. His account of his eleven years' captivity in the Sudan ought to make a far more interesting book even than Mr. Stanley's story of the celebrated march to the relief of Emin Pasha. One of Slatin Bey's stories is that he was in high favour with the Khalifa, owing to his capacity for praying. He showed more vigour and tenacity in this exercise than any of the natives, and was, accordingly, esteemed as quite a portent of sanctity. In Egypt he causes even more surprise by the readiness with which he handles a knife and fork after so long a disuse of those implements. Decidedly, Slatin Bey must give us a book, or civilisation will think itself cheated of its due.



Photo by Heyman, Cairo.

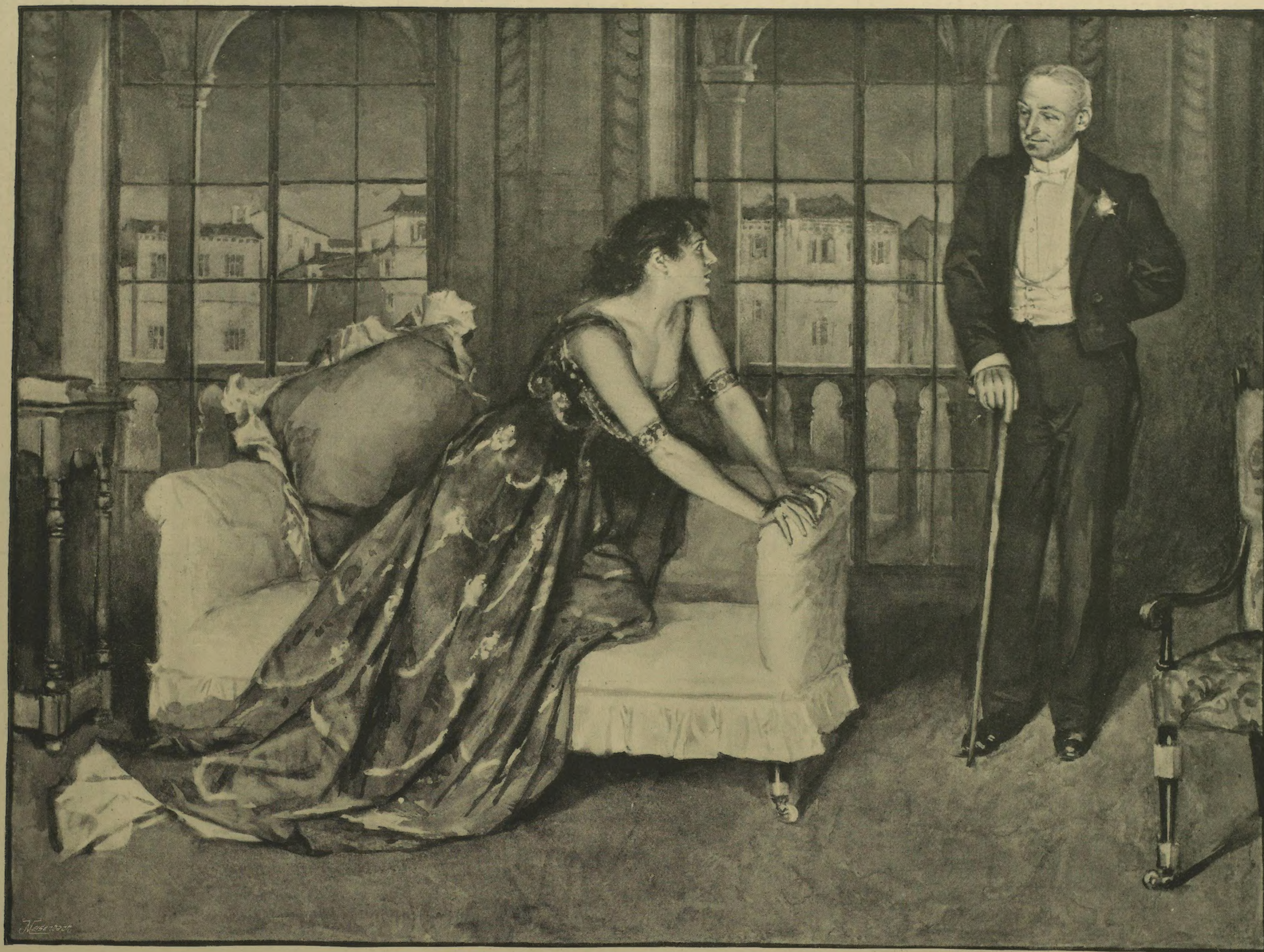
SLATIN BEY, WHO ESCAPED FROM DARFUR, IN THE SOUDAN.

adopted some years ago in the reign of the late Czar Alexander III. The sudden recall of General von Werder, the German Ambassador at St. Petersburg, has excited surprise in Russia, but it is believed to have been resolved upon at Berlin for merely personal or official reasons.

The Spanish Government, under the new Ministry of Señor Canovas de Castello, finds it necessary to send out a military expedition to put down the insurrection in Cuba. Marshal Martinez del Campos has now to depart for that island with a force of seven thousand men. This measure will, perhaps, supersede the disagreeable task of punishing the officers of the Madrid garrison for their violent assaults on the newspaper editors who found fault with the discipline of the army.

The military expedition, commanded by General Sir Robert Low, to march from the north of the Punjab, through Swat and the valleys of the Himalaya mountain region, to encounter the new enemy, Umra Khan, at Chitral, started on March 30. But it had been preceded by detachments of Pioneers and of Sappers and Miners, under Colonel Kelly and Lieutenant Oldham, R.E., at Gupis and Ghizr, on March 25, to prepare the road. These reached Pingal on March 28. Nine hundred Hunza and Nagyr allies had assembled at Gilgit. It is rumoured that Dr. Robertson and the other British officials are shut up in Chitral.

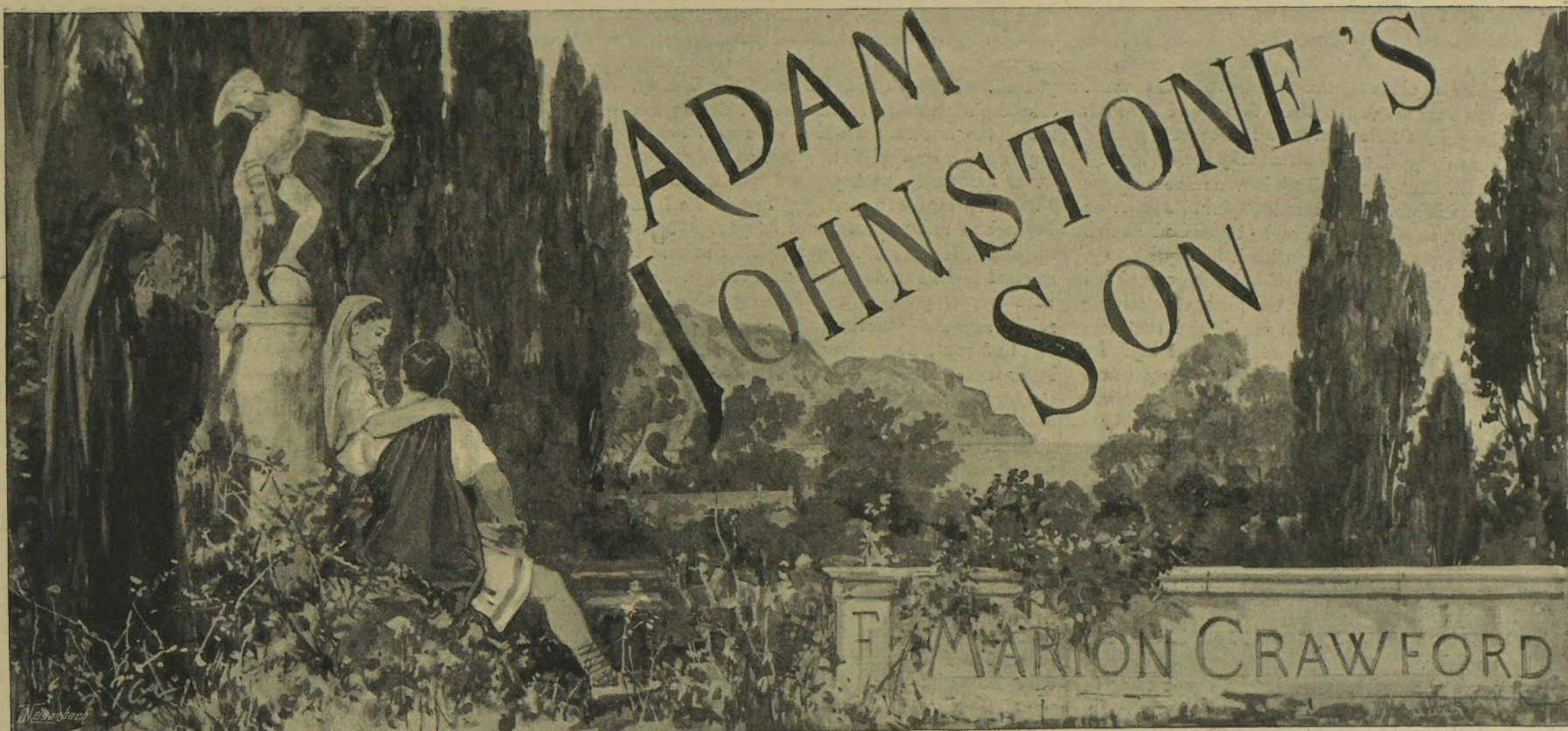
An armistice of three weeks, to April 20, between Japan and China, has been concluded by the peace negotiations at Simonoseki, to extend over the Chinese provinces of Shantung and Pe-chi-li, including all the shores of the gulf by which Tien-tsin and Peking are approached, and the province of Fu-kien, in the south of China, including the trading seaports of Foo-chow and Amoy, the Pescadores islets, and the large island of Formosa, or Tai-wan. The Japanese



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL (AGNES EBBSMITH) AND MR. HARE (DUKE OF ST. OLPHERTS) IN "THE NOTORIOUS MRS. EBBSMITH," AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

Agnes Ebbsmith: "It's a lie!"

Drawn by Wal Paget.



ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

CHAPTER I.

"I SOMETIMES think that one's past life is written in a foreign language," said Mrs. Bowring, shutting the book she held, but keeping the place with one smooth thin forefinger, while her still, blue eyes turned from her daughter's face towards the hazy hills that hemmed the sea thirty miles to the southward. "When one wants to read it, one finds ever so many words which one cannot understand, and one has to look them out in a sort of unfamiliar dictionary, and try to make sense of the sentences as best one can. Only the big things are clear."

Clare glanced at her mother, smiling innocently and half mechanically, without much definite expression, and quite without curiosity. Youth can be in sympathy with age while not understanding it, while not suspecting, perhaps, that there is anything to understand beyond the streaked hair and the pale glance and the little torture-lines which paint the portrait of fifty years for the eyes of twenty.

Every woman knows the calendar of her own face. The lines are years—one for such and such a year, one for such and such another; the streaks are months, perhaps, or weeks, or sometimes hours, where the tear-storms have bleached the brown, the black, or the gold. "This little wrinkle—it was so very little then!" she says. "It came when I doubted for a day. Here is a shadow there, just at each temple, where the clouds passed when my sun went out. The bright hair grew lower on my forehead. It is worn away, as though by a crown that was not of gold. Here are hollows there, near the ears, on each side, since that week when love was done to death before my eyes and died—intestate—leaving his substance to be divided among indifferent heirs. They wrangle for what he has left; but he himself is gone, beyond hearing or caring, and, thank God, beyond suffering. But the marks are left."

Youth looks on and sees alike the ill-healed wounds of the martyrdom and the rough scars of sin's scourges, and does not understand. Clare Bowring smiled, without definite expression, just because her mother had spoken and seemed to ask for sympathy; and then she looked away for a few moments. She had a bit of work in her hands, a little bag which she was making out of a piece of old Italian damask, to hold a needlecase and thread and scissors. She had stopped sewing, and instinctively waited before beginning again, as though to acknowledge by a little affectionate deference that her mother had said something serious and had a right to expect attention. But she did not answer, for she could not understand.

Her own young life was vividly clear to her; so very vividly clear that it sometimes made her think of a tiresome chromolithograph. All the facts and thoughts of it were so near that she knew them by heart, as people come to know the patterns of the wall-papers in the rooms they inhabit. She had nothing to hide, nothing to regret, nothing she thought she should care very much to recall, though she remembered everything. A girl is very young when she can recollect distinctly every frock she has had, the first long one, and the second, and the third; and the first ball-gown, and the second, and no third, because that is still in the future; and a particular pair of gloves which did not fit; and a certain pair of shoes she wore so long because they were so comfortable; and the precise origin of every one of the few trinkets and bits of jewellery she



"I sometimes think that one's past life is written in a foreign language," said Mrs. Bowring, shutting the book she held.

possesses. That was Clare Bowring's case. She could remember everything and everybody in her life. But her father was not in her memories, and there was a little motionless grey cloud in the place where he should have been. He had been a soldier, and had been killed in a skirmish with black men in one of England's obscure but expensive little wars. Death is always very much the same thing, and it seems unfair that the guns of Balaclava should still roar "glory" while a black man's quick spear-thrust only spells "dead," without comment. But glory in death is even more a matter of luck than fame in life. At all events Captain Bowring, as brave a gentleman as ever faced fire, had perished like so many other brave gentlemen of his kind, in a quiet way, without any fuss beyond killing half-a-dozen or so of his assailants, and had left his widow the glory of receiving a small pension in return for his blood, and that was all. Some day, when the dead are reckoned and the manner of their death noted, poor Bowring may count for more than some of his friends who died at home from a constitutional inability to enjoy all the good things fortune set before them, complicated by a disposition incapable of being satisfied with only a part of the feast. But at the time of this tale they counted for more than he; for they had been constrained to leave behind them what they could not consume, while he, poor man! had left very little besides the aforesaid interest in the investment of his blood in the form of a pension to his widow, and the small grey cloud in the memory of his girl-child, in the place where he should have been. For he had been killed when she had been a baby.

The mother and daughter were lonely, if not alone in the world; for when one has no money to speak of, and no relations at all, the world is a lonely place, regarded from the ordinary point of view—which is, of course, the true one. They had no home in England, and they generally lived abroad, more or less, in one or another of the places of society's departed spirits, such as Florence. They had not, however, entered into Limbo without hope, since they were able to return to the social earth when they pleased, and to be alive again, and the people they met abroad sometimes asked them to stop with them at home, recognising the fact that they were still socially living and casting shadows. They were sure of half-a-hundred friendly faces in London and of half-a-dozen hospitable houses in the country; and that is not little for people who have nothing wherewith to buy smiles and pay for invitations. Clare had more than once met women of her mother's age and older who had looked at her rather thoughtfully and longer than had seemed quite natural, saying very quietly that her father had been "a great friend of theirs." But those were not the women whom her mother liked best, and Clare sometimes wondered whether the little grey cloud in her memory, which represented her father, might not be there to hide away something more human than an ideal. Her mother spoke of him sometimes gravely, sometimes with a far-away smile, but never tenderly. The smile did not mean much, Clare thought. People often spoke of dead people with a sort of faint look of uncertain beatitude—the same which many think appropriate to the singing of hymns. The absence of anything like tenderness meant more. The gravity was only natural and decent.

"Your father was a brave man," Mrs. Bowring sometimes said. "Your father was very handsome," she would say. "He was very quick-tempered," she perhaps added.

But that was all. Clare had a friend whose husband had died young and suddenly, and her friend's heart was broken. She did not speak as Mrs. Bowring did. When the latter said that her past life seemed to be written in a foreign language, Clare did not understand, but she knew that the something of which the translation was lost, as it were, belonged to her father. She always felt an instinctive desire to defend him, and to make her mother feel more sympathy for his memory. Yet, at the same time, she loved her mother in such a way as made her feel that if there had been any trouble, her father must have been in the wrong. Then she was quite sure that she did not understand, and she held her tongue, and smiled vaguely, and waited a moment before she went on with her work.

Besides, she was not at all inclined to argue anything at present. She had been ill, and her mother was worn out with taking care of her, and they had come to Amalfi to get quite well and strong again in the air of the Southern spring. They had settled themselves for a couple of months in the queer hotel, which was once a monastery, perched high up under the still higher overhanging rocks, far above the beach and the busy little town; and now, in the May afternoon, they sat side by side under the trellis of vines on the terraced walk, their faces southward, in the shade of the steep mountain behind them; the sea was blue at their feet, and quite still, but farther out the westerly breeze that swept past the Conca combed it to crisp roughness; then it was less blue to southward and gradually it grew less real, till it lost colour and wasted into a sky-haze that almost hid the southern mountains and the lizard-like head of the far Licosa.

A bit of coarse, faded carpet lay upon the ground under the two ladies' feet, and the shady air had a soft green tinge in it from the thick vine-leaves overhead. At first sight one would have said that both were delicate, if not

ill. Both were fair, though in different degrees, and both were pale and quiet, and looked a little weary.

The young girl sat in a deep straw chair, hatless, with bare white hands that held her work. Her thick flaxen hair, straightly parted and smoothed away from its low growth on the forehead, half hid small fresh ears, unpierced. Long lashes, too white for beauty, cast very faint light shadows as she looked down; but when she raised the lids the dark-blue eyes were bright, with wide pupils and a straight look, quick to fasten, slow to let go, never quite soft, perhaps, and yet not mannishly hard. But, in its own way, perhaps, there is no look so hard as the look of maiden innocence can be. There can even be something terrible in its unconscious stare. There is the spirit of God's own fearful directness in it. Half quibbling with words, perhaps, but scarcely with half truth, one might say that youth "is," while all else "has been"; and that youth alone possesses the present, too innocent to know it all, yet too selfish even to doubt of what is its own; too sure of itself to doubt anything, to fear anything, or even truly to pray for anything. There is no equality and no community in virtue: it is only original sin that makes us all, equal and human. Old Lucifer, fallen, crushed, and damned, knows the worth of forgiveness—not young Michael, flintily hard and monumentally upright in his steel coat, a terror to the devil himself. And youth can have something of that archangelic rigidity. Youth is not yet quite human.

But there was much in Clare Bowring's face which told that she was to be quite human some day. The lower features were not more than strong enough—the curved lips that would be fuller before long, the small nostrils, the gentle chin, a little sharper than was natural, now, from illness, but round in outline and not over prominent; and the slender throat was very delicate and feminine. Only in the dark-blue eyes there was still that unabashed, quick glance and long-abiding straightness, and innocent hardness, and the unconscious selfishness of the uncontaminated.

Standing on her feet, she would have seemed rather tall than short, though really but of average height. Seated, she looked tall, and her glance was a little downward to most people's eyes. Just now she was too thin, and seemed taller than she was. But the fresh light was already in the young white skin, and there was a soft colour in the lobes of the little ears, as the white leaves of daisies sometimes blush all round their tips.

The nervous white hands held the little bag lightly, and twined it and sewed it deftly, for Clare was clever with her fingers. Possibly they looked even a little whiter than they were, by contrast with the dark stuff of her dress, and illness had made them shrink at the lower part, robbing them of their natural strength, though not of their grace. There is a sort of refinement, not of taste, nor of talent, but of feeling and thought, and it shows itself in the hands of those who have it more than in any feature of the face, in a sort of very true proportion between the hand and its fingers, between each finger and its joints, each joint and each nail; a something which says that such a hand could not do anything ignoble, could not take meanly, nor strike cowardly, nor press falsely; a quality of skin neither rough and coarse, nor over-smooth like satin, but cool and pleasant to the touch as fine silk that is closely woven. The fingers of such hands are very straight and very elastic, but not supple like young snakes, as some fingers are, and the cushion of the hand is not over full nor heavy, nor yet shrunken and undeveloped as in the wasted hands of old Asiatic races.

In outward appearance there was that sort of inherited likeness between mother and daughter which is apt to strike strangers more than persons of the same family. Mrs. Bowring had been beautiful in her youth—far more beautiful than Clare—but her face had been weaker, in spite of the regularity of the features and their faultless proportion. Life had given them an acquired strength, but not of the lovely kind, and the complexion was faded, and the hair had darkened, and the eyes had paled. Some faces are beautified by suffering. Mrs. Bowring's face was not of that class. It was as though a thin, hard mask had been formed and closely moulded upon it, as the action of the sea overlays some sorts of soft rock with a surface thin as paper but as hard as granite. In spite of the hardness, the features were not really strong. There was refinement in them, however, of the same kind which the daughter had, and as much, though less pleasing. A fern—a spray of maidenhair—loses much of its beauty but none of its refinement when petrified in limestone or made fossil in coal.

As they sat there, side by side, mother and daughter, where they had sat every day for a week or more, they had very little to say. They had exhausted the recapitulation of Clare's illness during the first days of her convalescence. It was not the first time that they had been in Amalfi, and they had enumerated its beauties to each other, and renewed their acquaintance with it from a distance, looking down from the terrace upon the low-lying town, and the beach and the painted boats, and the little crowd that swarmed out now and then like ants, very busy and very much in a hurry, running hither and thither, disappearing presently as by magic, and leaving the shore to the sun and the sea. The two had spoken of a little excursion to

Ravello, and they meant to go thither as soon as they should be strong enough, but that was not yet. And meanwhile they lived through the quiet days, morning, meal-times, evening, bed-time, and round again, through the little hotel's programme of possibility; eating what was offered them, but feasting royally on air and sunshine and spring sweetness; moistening their lips in strange Southern wines, but drinking deep draughts of the rich Southern air-life; watching the people of all sorts and of many conditions, who came and stayed a day and went away again, but social only in each other's lives, and even that by sympathy rather than in speech. A corner of life's show was before them, and they kept their places on the vine-sheltered terrace and looked on. But it seemed as though nothing could ever possibly happen there to affect the direction of their own quietly moving existence.

Seeing that her daughter did not say anything in answer to the remark about the past being written in a foreign language, Mrs. Bowring looked at the distant sky-haze thoughtfully for a few moments, then opened her book again where her thin forefinger had kept the place, and began to read. There was no disappointment in her face at not being understood, for she had spoken almost to herself, and had expected no reply. No change of expression softened or accentuated the quiet hardness which overspread her naturally gentle face. But the thought was evidently still present in her mind, for her attention did not fix itself upon her book, and presently she looked at her daughter as the latter bent her head over the little bag she was making.

The young girl felt her mother's eyes upon her, looked up herself, and smiled faintly, almost mechanically, as before. It was a sort of habit they both had—a way of acknowledging one another's presence in the world. But this time it seemed to Clare that there was a question in the look, and after she had smiled she spoke.

"No," she said, "I don't understand how anybody can forget the past. It seems to me that I shall always remember why I did things, said things, and thought things. I should if I lived a hundred years, I'm quite sure."

"Perhaps you have a better memory than I," answered Mrs. Bowring. "But I don't think it is exactly a question of memory either. I can remember what I said, and did, and thought, well—twenty years ago. But it seems to me very strange that I should have thought, and spoken, and acted just as I did. After all, isn't it natural? They tell us that our bodies are quite changed in less time than that."

"Yes—but the soul does not change," said Clare with conviction.

"The soul—"

Mrs. Bowring repeated the word, but said nothing more, and her still, blue eyes wandered from her daughter's face and again fixed themselves on an imaginary point of the far Southern distance.

"At least," said Clare, "I was always taught so."

She smiled again, rather coldly, as though admitting that such teaching might not be infallible after all.

"It is best to believe it," said her mother quietly, but in a colourless voice. "Besides," she added, with a change of tone, "I do believe it, you know. One is always the same in the main things. It is the point of view that changes. The best picture in the world does not look the same in every light, does it?"

"No, I suppose not. You may like it in one light and not in another, and in one place and not in another."

"Or at one time of life and not at another," added Mrs. Bowring thoughtfully.

"I can't imagine that," Clare paused a moment. "Of course, you are thinking of people," she continued presently, with a little more animation. "One always means people when one talks in that way; and that is what I cannot quite understand. It seems to me that if I liked people once I should always like them."

Her mother looked at her.

"Yes; perhaps you would," she said, and she relapsed into silence.

Clare's colour did not change. No particular person was in her thoughts, and she had, as it were, given her own general and inexperienced opinion of her own character, quite honestly and without affectation.

"I don't know which are the happier," said Mrs. Bowring at last, "the people who change or the people who can't."

"You mean faithful or unfaithful people, I suppose," observed the young girl, with grave innocence.

A very slight flush rose in Mrs. Bowring's thin cheeks, and the quiet eyes grew suddenly hard, but Clare was busy with her work again, and did not see.

"Those are big words," said the older woman in a low voice.

"Well—yes—of course!" answered Clare. "So they ought to be! It is always the main question, isn't it? Whether you can trust a person or not, I mean."

"That is one question. The other is, whether the person deserves to be trusted."

"Oh—it's the same thing!"

"Not exactly."

"You know what I mean, mother. Besides, I don't believe that anyone you can't trust is really to be trusted. Do you?"

"My dear Clare!" exclaimed Mrs. Bowring. "You can't put life into a nutshell, like that!"

"No, I suppose not; though if a thing is true at all it must be always true."

"Saving exceptions."

"Are there any exceptions to truth?" asked Clare incredulously. "Truth isn't grammar—nor the British Constitution."

"No. But then, we don't know everything. What we call truth is what we know. It is only what we know. All that we don't know, but which is, is true, too—especially all that we don't know about people with whom we have to live."

"Oh, if people have secrets!" the young girl laughed idly. "But you and I, for instance, mother—we have no secrets from each other, have we? Well? Why should any two people who love each other have secrets? And if they have none, why, then, they know all that there is to be known about one another, and each trusts the other, and has a right to be trusted, because everything is known,

where a vessel can lie any length of time. You know how the sea sometimes breaks on the beach?"

Mrs. Bowring and her daughter desired of all things to be quiet. The visitors who came, stayed a few days at the hotel, and went away again, were as a rule tourists or semi-invalids in search of a climate, and anything but noisy. But people coming in a smart English yacht would probably be society people, and as such Mrs. Bowring wished that they would keep away. They would behave as though the place belonged to them, so long as they remained; they would get all the attention of the proprietor and of the servants for the time being; and they would make everybody feel shabby and poor.

The Bowrings were poor, indeed, but they were not shabby. It was perhaps because they were well aware that nobody could mistake them for average tourists that they resented the coming of a party which belonged to what is called society. Mrs. Bowring had a strong aversion to making new acquaintances, and even disliked being thrown into the proximity of people who might

fruit. One very fair little lady with hard, restless eyes, and clad in white serge, insisted upon having grapes, and no one could convince her that grapes were not ripe in May.

"It's quite absurd!" she objected. "Of course they're ripe! We had the most beautiful grapes at breakfast at Leo Cairngorm's the other day, so of course they must have them here. Brook! Do tell the man not to be absurd!"

"Man!" said the member of the party she had last addressed. "Do not be absurd!"

"Si, Signore," replied the black-whiskered Amalfian servant with alacrity.

"You see!" cried the little lady triumphantly, "I told you so! You must insist with these people. You can always get what you want. Brook, where's my fan?"

She settled upon a straw chair like a white butterfly. The others walked on towards the end of the terrace, but the young man whom she called Brook stood beside her,



"Thank you—dear," she said as he gave her the fan.

and everything is the whole truth. It seems to me that is simple enough; isn't it?"

Mrs. Bowring laughed in her turn. It was rather a hard little laugh; but Clare was used to the sound of it, and joined in it, feeling that she had vanquished her mother in argument, and settled one of the most important questions of life for ever.

"What a pretty steamer!" exclaimed Mrs. Bowring suddenly.

"It's a yacht," said Clare after a moment. "The flag is English, too. I can see it distinctly."

She laid down her work, and her mother closed her book upon her forefinger again, and they watched the graceful white vessel as she glided slowly in from the Conca, which she had rounded while they had been talking.

"It's very big for a yacht," observed Mrs. Bowring. "They are coming here."

"They have probably come round from Naples to spend a day," said Clare. "We are sure to have them up here. What a nuisance!"

"Yes. Everybody comes up here who comes to Amalfi at all. I hope they won't stay long."

"There is no fear of that," answered Clare. "I heard these people saying the other day that this is not a place

know friends of hers, who might have heard of her, and who might talk about her and her daughter. Clare said that her mother's shyness in this respect was almost morbid; but she had unconsciously caught a little of it herself, and, like her mother, she was often quite uselessly on her guard against strangers of the kind whom she might possibly be called upon to know, though she was perfectly at her ease with those whom she looked upon as undoubtedly her social inferiors.

They were not mistaken in their prediction that the party from the yacht would come up to the Cappuccini. Half an hour after the yacht had dropped anchor the terrace was invaded. They came up in twos and threes, nearly a dozen of them, men and women, smart-looking people with healthy, sunburnt faces, voices loud from the sea as voices become on a long voyage—or else very low indeed. By contrast with the frequenters of Amalfi they all seemed to wear overpoweringly good clothes and perfectly new hats and caps, and their russet shoes were resplendent. They moved as though everything belonged to them, from the wild crests of the hills above to the calm blue water below, and the hotel servants did their best to foster the agreeable illusion. They all wanted chairs and tables, and things to drink, and

slowly lighting a cigarette, not five paces from Mrs. Bowring and Clare.

"I'm sure I don't know where your fan is," he said with a short laugh, as he threw the end of the match over the wall.

"Well, then, look for it!" she answered, rather sharply. "I'm awfully hot, and I want it."

He glanced at her before he spoke again.

"I don't know where it is," he said quietly; but there was a shade of annoyance in his face.

"I gave it to you just as we were getting into the boat," answered the lady in white. "Do you mean to say that you left it on board?"

"I think you must be mistaken," said the young man. "You must have given it to somebody else."

"It isn't likely that I should mistake you for anyone else—especially to-day."

"Well, I haven't got it. I'll get you one in the hotel, if you'll have patience for a moment."

He turned and strode along the terrace towards the house. Clare Bowring had been watching the two, and she looked after the man as he moved rapidly away. He walked well, for he was a singularly well-made young fellow, who looked as though he were master of every inch

of himself. She had liked his brown face and bright blue eyes, too, and somehow she resented the way in which the little lady ordered him about. She looked round, and saw that her mother was watching him too. Then, as he disappeared, they both looked at the lady. She, too, had followed him with her eyes, and as she turned her face sideways to the Bowrings, Clare thought that she was biting her lip, as though something annoyed her or hurt her. She kept her eyes on the door. Presently the young man reappeared, bearing a palm-leaf fan in his hand and blowing a cloud of cigarette smoke into the air. Instantly the lady smiled, and the smile brightened as he came near.

"Thank you—dear," she said as he gave her the fan. The last word was spoken in a lower tone, and could certainly not have been heard by the other members of the party, but it reached Clare's ears where she sat.

"Not at all," answered the young man quietly. But as he spoke, he glanced quickly about him, and his eyes met Clare's. She fancied that she saw a look of startled annoyance in them, and he coloured a little under his tan. He had a very manly face, square and strong. He bent down a little and said something in a low voice. The lady in white half turned her head impatiently, but did not look quite round. Clare saw, however, that her expression had changed again, and that the smile was gone.

"If I don't care, why should you?" were the next words Clare heard, spoken impatiently and petulantly.

The man who answered to the name of Brook said nothing, but sat down on the parapet of the terrace, looking out over his shoulder to seaward. A few seconds later he threw away his half-smoked cigarette.

"I like this place," said the lady in white, quite audibly. "I think I shall send on board for my things and stay here."

The young man started as though he had been struck,

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY ANDREW LANG.

The following tale may be generally familiar, but it is wholly new to myself, and seems like a rare flower blooming fragrant in the dust of old charters. The story tells how one man, if never another, was privileged to see, in the company of Jeanne d'Arc, a vision of rosy angels. The evidence, if it is to be called evidence, occurs, of all unlikely places, in a formal Grant of Arms, dated in June 1429.

The authority for the existence of the original Royal Grant, and the copyist of that Grant as it now lies in the library of Carpentras, is Charles du Lys, *avocat général*, living between 1559 and 1635. This gentleman (he declares) was the great-great-grandson of the knight Pierre du Lys, the youngest of the three brothers of the Maid of Orleans. We have Pierre; then his son Jean, who held a high official position at Arras; then his son Jean, who lived a wild life, and followed the wars in Italy; then his son Michel, who was surgeon of Henri II. of France, and may have attended him when he got the Scottish spear in his eye; and then Charles du Lys, *avocat général*. He collected a mass of original documents concerning his own family, called du Lys instead of d'Arc, when they were ennobled, in 1430. In 1628 he published a revised edition of his "Treatise on the Name and Arms of Jeanne d'Arc." His wife was Catherine de Cailly. Her father was Jacques de Cailly, Lord of Rouilly, near Orleans, and her mother, in a happy and golden old age, "full of virtues and blessed qualities," was alive when her son-in-law revised his treatise in 1628. Her husband's father was Remy de Cailly. His grandfather was Guy de Cailly—a lord so rich that his house was called *La Tuille d'Or*—his great-grandfather was Jean de Cailly, and his great-great-grandfather was Guy de Cailly, who saw the vision of angels.

after 1429. On this head some antiquary of Orleans should be consulted. But the French Protestants destroyed many monuments (their favourite diversion), and no arms of de Cailly may remain on tombs or doorways.

It may have been observed that Charles du Lys never says that Guy did share the heavenly vision. We have other evidence, that of Jeanne's esquire, d'Aulon, for her alleging that "fifty thousand of her own were by her," when she had only three or four visible warriors in her company. She won her battle on that occasion, but the worthy d'Aulon saw no angels, and du Lys does not say that Guy de Cailly was more favoured.

But in the library of the town of Carpentras there is a copy, as I said, written out by Charles du Lys, of the Grant of Arms, "Given at Sully in the month of June 1429."

Now, Charles VII. was at Sully in June 1429, shirking the journey to Rheims and his coronation. Thither, to Sully, the Maid went, immediately after beating the English in open field, and capturing all their leaders, except Fastolf, who behaved as at Gadshill, and remembered that discretion is the better part of valour. Wherefore Sir John was stripped of his Order of the Garter! On June 22, flushed from this triumph, the Maid "did so much that she" got the King out of Sully, the palace of his fat friend, La Trémoille. This date, then—June 20-22, at Sully—must be the date of the Grant of new Arms to Guy de Cailly. But we have only the copy by Charles du Lys. If he was no forger (and his good faith is not questioned) he probably copied an original document in the hands of the *de Caillys*, his wife's family.

So far so good, but M. Quicherat, who prints the copy, and M. Vallet de Virville say that the Grant is not in accordance with the usage of the old *Chancellerie*. "The services of Guy are specified at length; those of the Maid, who recommended him to honour, are narrated in a style



"THE EVENING HYMN."—BY THE LATE G. H. MASON, A.R.A.

By kind Permission of the Hon. Percy Wyndham.

and faced her in silence. He could not help seeing Clare Bowring beyond her.

"I'm going indoors, mother," said the young girl, rising rather abruptly. "I'm sure it must be time for tea. Won't you come too?"

The young man did not answer his companion's remark, but turned his face away again and looked seaward, listening to the retreating footsteps of the two ladies.

On the threshold of the hotel Clare felt a strong desire to look back again and see whether he had moved, but she was ashamed of it and went in, holding her head high and looking straight before her.

(To be continued.)

In consequence of the EASTER HOLIDAYS THE ALBUM

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Here, then, we have an unbroken descent of tradition in the Cailly family. The story told by Charles du Lys is that when Jeanne came to relieve Orleans she tarried at the village of Chécy, two leagues from the town, in the house of Guy de Cailly, Lord of Rouilly. Now, that the Maid did lie a night at Chécy is vouched for by the "Journal of the Siege," based on jottings made day by day. Nothing, however, is said about her host, though the author of an old work on the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem calls him Guy de Cailly. This author, Goussaincourt, I cannot find in Brunet; he may have got his facts from Charles du Lys. According to that writer, Guy fought like a man in the week of war at Orleans, and was with the Maid when—wounded under the neck by a crossbow-bolt—she withdrew a little apart to pray. She bade Guy tell her when the fringe of her banner should stretch out (in the wind, I suppose) towards the fort of Les Tourelles, which the French were besieging. He observed the banner thus blown out, and on his return with the news, "he found the aforesaid Pucelle as it were in an ecstasy. She had a vision of cherubim, which seemed to fight for her against the English. On the Maid's return, the English abandoned the fort, and most of them were drowned."

Now, the "Journal of the Siege" (already referred to) tells this same tale, with a slight difference. The banner fringe is to touch the wall, and then the French are to charge. Nothing is said of a vision of angels. We only hear that the Maid prayed, and the companion of the Maid is called "*un gentilhomme*," unnamed.

Charles du Lys next avers that, "in June," the Maid caused Charles VII. to confirm the ancient *ennoblement* of Guy de Cailly, "with permission to change his arms and bear, in token of the vision, three heads of cherubim, winged, in gules, on a field argent, as we see them painted, carved, and preserved even till this day." Charles du Lys was a man of honour, and (or though) an antiquary, and he can hardly have made a mistake about the arms of his wife's family. Of course works of art often give rise to a legend evolved for the purpose of explaining their origin and meaning. If the *de Caillys* always bore three heads of cherubim they might evolve the myth as to their origin

yet more pompous, and the tone of delight and enthusiasm throughout are exceptions to the ordinary style in such Grants."

But, "*nom Dieu*, how mildly you put it!" as the Maid said at her trial when asked if she had ever been present when Englishmen were slain in battle. If the style is not ordinary the occasion was extraordinary. When a girl has taken several towns, relieved another, and won a great fight in open field, all in six weeks, the least excitable person might display "delight and enthusiasm." There is a good deal of enthusiasm and delight in the grant of *Noblesse* to the Maid and her family, an undoubtedly authentic document of January 1430. Yet that was not drawn up in the flush of victory, but after several checks and disasters. With yet greater delight and enthusiasm, in 1612, Louis XIII. minutely records and gives thanks for "the great, signal, and mysterious services" of the Maid, when he renews and modifies the original Grant of nobility to her house. In the Grant given at Sully, June 20-22, 1429, the King records Guy de Cailly's hospitality "to our beloved Johanna": "When first she was led into the town of Orleans, having been invited by a divine apparition of angels, in which, by the same celestial favour, was Guy de Cailly a participant, as we are more fully informed by the said Johanna." Then follows the grant of angels' heads for arms, "as in the aforesaid apparition he believes that he saw them"—a rather cautious qualification.

The reader may note that, while Charles du Lys speaks of an apparition of angels on the field of battle, and does not say that Guy de Cailly saw them, the Grant of Arms speaks as if he *did* see them, but before the Maid entered Orleans. Of course the Grant may only mean that Guy saw, on an occasion not specified, the angels which invited Jeanne to march on her mission. It is a curious tale, and was probably part of the *de Cailly* family tradition, but, as proof of the existence of cherubim, it is not likely to convince Professor Huxley. By the way, Madame du Lys (Catherine de Cailly) writes very pretty Italian verses, in Hordal's work on Jeanne d'Arc (1612), and her brother also plays the poet, referring to the share of his ancestor in the Loire campaign of 1429.



AN APRIL SHOWER.

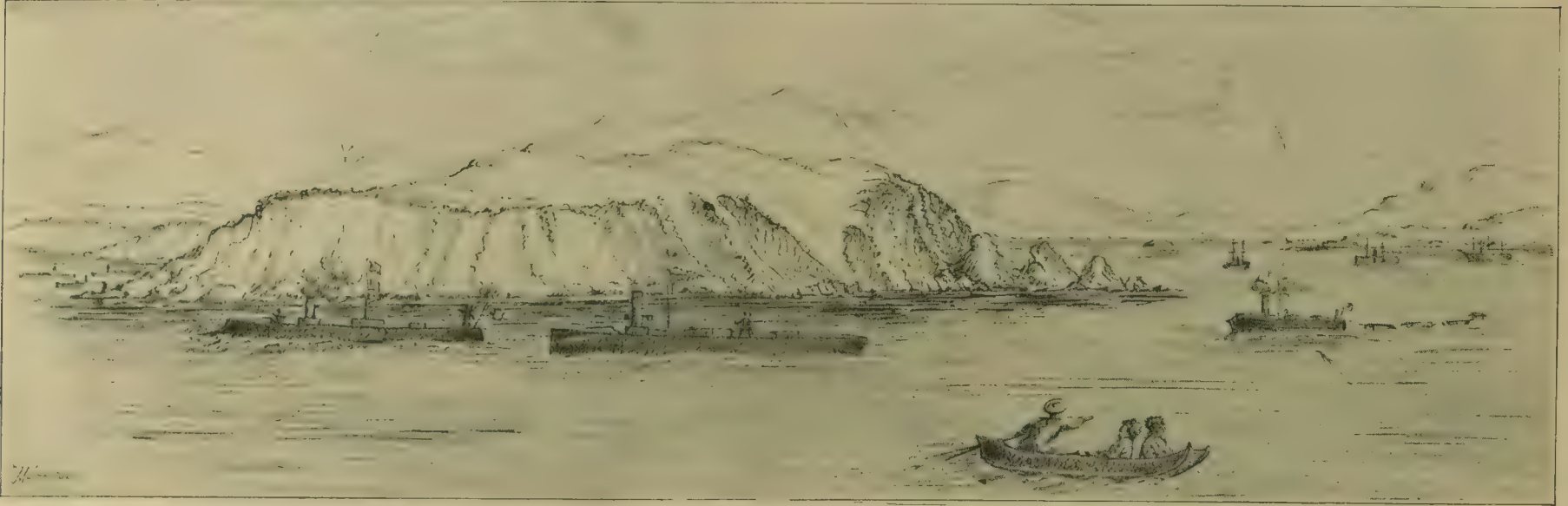
THE WAR IN EASTERN ASIA.

Sketches by Mr. J. E. Edwards, H.M.S. "Edgar."

Rendezvous of Japanese torpedo-boats.

Japanese torpedo-boat bringing in a prize.

Distant view of entrance to Wei-hai-Wei; Japanese ships patrolling in front of eastern passage.



Chinaman conveying Japanese to their ships.

Japanese torpedo-boat.

THE SITUATION AT WEI-HAI-WEI ON FEBRUARY 10.

In connection with the sketches given of the attack on Wei-hai-Wei, a correspondent on board a British man-of-war sends us the following—

"The Japanese, with upwards of fifty transports, under the convoy and protection of their whole fleet, landed their 3rd Army Corps of 30,000 troops in Rocky Bay about the middle of January, and were marched on Wei-hai-Wei (a distance of forty miles) under Field-Marshal Oyama.

place. The obsolete ships and gun-vessels steamed across the eastern entrance, firing on island forts and on the Chinese fleet, which, in replying, seemed to fire on fixed points and distances. These tactics continued for several days. On the nights of Feb. 5 and 6 the torpedo-boats were successful in sinking three large ships—*Lai-Yuen*, *Wei-Yuen*, *Ting-Yuen*; also a small dispatch-boat.

"On the morning of Feb. 7 the whole fleet bombarded

conflict. The western fleet, under Admiral Ito, stood out clear and distinct, the sea breeze driving the smoke on the land, and it was evident the Chinese gunners had found their range pretty accurately, for some of the ships were close shaved. Gradually the firing slowed down and the fleets drew off, but the Chinese ships still continued to shell forts already in Japanese possession. After this fierce attack the Chinese torpedo-boat flotilla attempted to escape.

Japanese Fort.

Lighthouse.

Dismantled Island Fort.

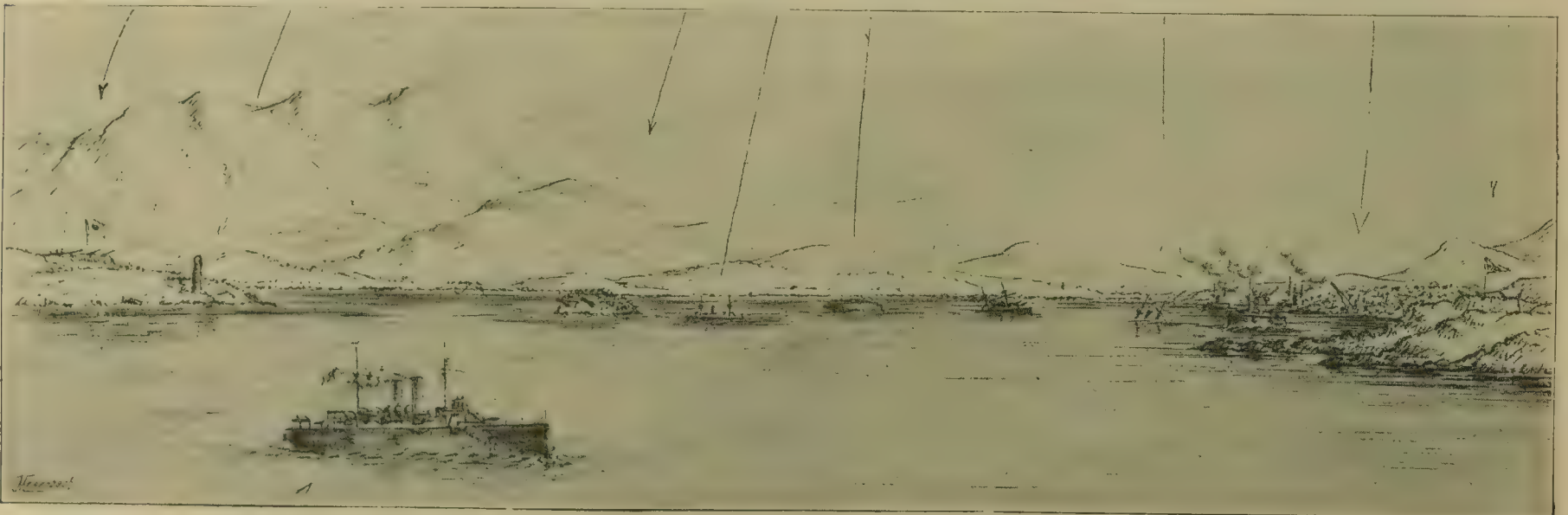
"Ching-Yuen," sunk.

War-ship torpedoed.

"Ting-Yuen," nearly submerged.

"Wei-Yuen," masts only showing.

Dockyard, Wei-hai-Wei. Chinese Fort.



H.M.S. "Edgar."

H.M.S. "EDGAR" WATCHING OPERATIONS ON WEI-HAI-WEI.

After the lapse of a week the fleet weighed overnight, and with the early morning engaged eastern forts, leading up to the town. The Japanese rapidly took possession as the Chinese troops fled *en masse*. Seamen were specially landed to fight the guns, and quickly turned them on the enemy in front and their ships, thus leaving the Japanese troops free to manoeuvre round and occupy the leading passes through the mountains to this strongly fortified

both entrances, and for two hours there was some warm work done. The whole of the eastern entrance and the ships opposing it were soon enveloped in a monster bank of cloud-like smoke, and but for the thunder of the guns and the flash and jetting of white smoke beneath, and here and there the hazy outline of some ship for a moment, one would have thought that a heavy fog had settled over that busy region in front of us as we steamed out to watch the

Seven were captured and brought into Japanese rendezvous inside Three Peaked Point. Two were chased by fast cruisers as far as Chefoo, where they ran up on beach, their crews deserting. Several casualties occurred in Japanese fleet: besides the flag-ship having her funnel battered, the *Naniwa* had a shell burst on her quarter-deck, doing much damage; another ship a shot passed through, killing several men, who were cremated on the beach."



ADMIRAL ITO BOMBARDING WEI-HAI-WEI ON FEBRUARY 7.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

It would appear that a great expenditure of mental force in statesmanship of the highest order is conducive to long life. Truly, Cavour and Napoleon I.—for I will confine my remarks to the great statesmen of the nineteenth century—died when they were but a little over fifty; but the strain upon their mental powers did not cause their death. On the other hand, Metternich, Talleyrand, Palmerston, Beaconsfield, and Pius IX.—I only name a few—reached a ripe old age; while the Queen, Leo XIII., Gladstone, and Bismarck are still with us, all of them having passed the span of life commonly supposed to be allotted by nature to man.

Both Gladstone and Bismarck have, moreover, submitted the body to intense fatigue, although the amateur felling of trees on the part of the former must by no means be compared as a bodily test with the privations undergone and the activity displayed in three campaigns by the latter. Here are a few extracts to show the hardships of the campaign of '66: "Left Reichenberg to-day," he writes to his wife on July 1 of that year. "The whole journey has been a dangerous one. The Austrians might have taken the King and all of us yesterday, if they had sent up their cavalry. . . . The heat is fearful, and the bringing up of supplies difficult; consequently, our troops suffer from exhaustion and hunger."

That he, Bismarck, shared the soldiers' trials and shortcomings is amply attested by another letter, written ten days later. "I am in want of an inkstand, as all are in use. At Königgrätz I rode the large chestnut; thirteen hours in the saddle without a feed." He means a feed for himself, not for the chestnut; for he goes on to say: "He held out very well, was not startled either by the firing or by corpses, ate corn-cobs and plum-tree leaves with gusto at the most serious moments, and went on swimmingly to the end, when I seemed more tired than the horse. My bed for the night was on the pavement of Horic, without straw, and with the aid of a carriage-cushion."

Bismarck was something better off as regards food and shelter during the Franco-German War; nevertheless, the bodily strain during that period was also enormous. And yet Professor Schweninger opines that, with ordinary care, Bismarck may live for several years to come. "Ordinary care" in this instance seems to be synonymous with abstention from certain foods and drinks; and to induce his patient to abstain in that way appears to be the physician's most difficult task. He has to contend daily with Bismarck's revolt, and can scarcely leave his side, for the man so wise in most things will not be wise in this. Bismarck is, like Louis XIV. and Charles V. were, a great eater, and he thinks it hard to submit to his physician's dictates. "If I listened to Schweninger," said the Prince to Signor Crispi on the occasion of the latter's visit in 1887, "he would treat me like his colleague treated Sancho Panza when Don Quixote's Squire was Governor of Batraria. For the last six months Schweninger has fed me on pickled herrings. I did not like the régime; but there is one consolation in connection with it. If my name does not live through any other exploit, it will live through this; for since Schweninger's drastic measures, the commodity is sold under the name of 'Bismarck's herrings.'"

"As you see him," he went on, "he would prevent my tasting this macaroni; but I'll have some, all the same; for Schweninger is near-sighted, and he will not know what I am eating. I will tell him by and by, and then he will set matters right with some of his physic." A little while afterwards coffee was served, and as the conversation had been running on food and drink, Professor Schweninger began to develop a thesis to the effect that a man in good health may drink as much as sixteen liqueur-glasses of brandy per day without injuring that health.

"Then I can safely take one on this occasion," exclaimed the Prince. And noticing that Schweninger did not cordially agree to the proposition, the eminent host turned to his guest. "That's how he treats me throughout," he roared with laughter. "He will never consent to a whim of mine when it is a question of eating or drinking something of which he himself is very fond. I suppose he is afraid that there will not be sufficient left for him. In this case, however, he may make his mind easy. I have still four hundred bottles of the same quality and of the same year. It is old, very old. . . ."

In fact, Bismarck from his early boyhood was always a good trencherman, and equally good at the consumption of liquid. He himself ascribes his success as a statesman to his admirable digestion. "We have always been great eaters in the family," he said one night when the then Crown Prince dined with him during the Franco-German War. "If there were a great many like us the country would not suffice to feed them, and we should be obliged to emigrate. But," he added, "if I am to work well I must be well fed; I cannot conclude a good peace unless they give me plenty of good things to eat and to drink. Don't you remember Xenophon's quoting the reply of Clearchus to the Persian envoys: 'No one would dare to talk to the Greeks about an armistice without first giving them a good breakfast.'"

The peace Bismarck concluded twenty-four years ago was a good one, in spite of all that France, Europe, and the visionaries may say to the contrary, and I, for one, am heartily glad that he has lived to see some of its beneficial results as far as his own country is concerned. But for him and for that peace, the socialists who refused to join their congratulations to those of the majority of the German nation would never have been heard of; their fellow-countrymen would still be looked upon throughout Europe as they were before the Danish War—i.e., as inferior beings, at best fit to be the hewers of wood and the drawers of water to the rest of Europe. In my humble capacity of a gossiping journalist, I wish Prince Bismarck many happy returns of the day.

A STIRRING STORY OF THE SEA.

Once more we have had a testimony to the existence of "hearts of oak" among our sailors, quite as valiant as in the days of old. Fortunately gallantry on sea or land has its own reward in the personal satisfaction which it gives. But



Photo by W. E. Wright.
CAPTAIN DUNCAN.

is right that some further acknowledgment should be given to those who are willing to risk their lives for others. On March 21 there was a very interesting ceremony in the saloon of the *Norham Castle*, which was just on the eve of departing for South Africa. Sir Donald Currie, M.P., might well be proud of the incident which met with recognition on this occasion. It had taken place on the previous voyage of this *Castle* liner. It seems that while the *Norham Castle* was steaming down the coast from Natal to the Cape, a stranded vessel, which proved to be the *Fascadale*, was sighted. She was a Glasgow ship of 2000 tons, and had struck the rocks broadside, and was encountering the fury of a boiling surge. Eighteen of the crew were clinging to the stern quarter. Captain Duncan, of the *Norham Castle*, did the best he could under these distressing circumstances by dispatching his first and second officers to the ship. Mr. Frank Whitehead, the first officer, succeeded with great valour in carrying a log-line, and was met midway by a lad named Ferris, who had leapt into the water from the *Fascadale*. The whole of the survivors were transferred by the line into the life-boat. The bruised captain of the *Fascadale*, who had remained to the last on the poop, was rescued by Mr. Whitehead, who once more endangered his life. These were the deeds which were fitly commemorated by the presentation of a silver medal to Mr. Whitehead by the Corporation of Lloyd's, a silver medal, binocular glass, and a vote of thanks from the Liverpool Shipwreck and Humane Society. The latter gave Captain Duncan also a silver medal. Each of the life-boat crew received a bounty from the Society, and Sir Donald Currie gave handsome presents of money to Captain Duncan, Mr. Whitehead, Mr. Jenkins, and the two crews. Truly this was a deed which deserved celebration as one of the noblest in the modern annals of the sea.



Photo by London Stereoscopic Co.
MR. FRANK WHITEHEAD.

For the Easter holidays special arrangements have been made by the Brighton and South Coast Railway. The availability of the special cheap week-end tickets issued on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, April 12, 13, and 14, to the seaside will be extended for return up to and including Wednesday, April 17. Special Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday to Tuesday tickets will also be issued from London to Dieppe. On Thursday, April 11, a fourteen-day excursion to Paris by the picturesque route through the charming scenery of Normandy, to the terminus near the Madeleine, via Dieppe and Rouen, will be run from London by the Special Day Express service and also by the Fixed Night Express Service on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, April 10 to 15 inclusive. On Good Friday and Easter Sunday and Monday day trips at greatly reduced excursion fares will be run from London to Brighton, Worthing, Midhurst, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, Lewes, Tunbridge Wells, Seaford, Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards, and Hastings. Extra trains will be run to and from London, as required by the traffic, to the Crystal Palace grand sacred concert on Good Friday, and the special holiday entertainments on Easter Monday, Tuesday, and following days. On Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, April 12, 13, and 14, special cheap week-end return tickets to Brighton, Worthing, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, Hastings, Bexhill, Eastbourne, etc., will be issued from London, available to return on any day up to and including Wednesday, April 17. Special Saturday to Tuesday tickets will also be issued from London to Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight. On Easter Tuesday cheap day trips will be run from London to Brighton and Worthing. The Brighton Company announce that their West-End offices, 28, Regent Street, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, will remain open until ten p.m. on the evenings of April 10, 11, and 13 for the sale of the special cheap tickets and ordinary tickets.

BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

XI.—CONJEVERAM.

Hyder Ali, ruler of Mysore, was one of the most desperate and ferocious characters who ever sought to oppose the extension of the British *raj* in India. On several occasions, too, he flattered himself that he had successfully driven a nail, so to speak, into the English coffin—notably at Conjeveram, in 1780, where our arms suffered as severe a reverse as they had met with a quarter of a century before at the hands of the Redskins of North America. Hyder Ali, on pretence of chastising the British for the non-fulfilment of their engagements, set out from Seringapatam at the head of a force of about 85,000 troops, including 28,000 horsemen and 100 guns, but, more than all, with a staff of highly trained French officers. With this force Hyder poured through the Ghauts into the Presidency of Madras with intent to make an end, immediate and complete, of the perfidious British. At the same time, a French armament appeared off the coast of purpose to recover Pondicherry, so that if ever the English in India had found themselves between the devil and the deep sea, it was indubitably now.

At last two British columns were got rigged out with orders to converge on Conjeveram—there to stem the invading tide of the tyrant of Mysore. One of these, under Major-General Sir Hector Munro, consisted of little more than 5000 men, and of these only 800 were Europeans. But then these were the Macleod Highlanders forming the 73rd Regiment, now the second battalion of the Black Watch. The other column numbered only about 3000 men, mostly Sepoys, under Colonel Baillie, so that here was a divided handful of 8000 men essaying to cope with an army of more than ten times its size. Nevertheless, if these two columns had been able to effect a junction they would in all probability have been able to give the presumptuous Mysoreans a very sound mauling. But this junction of all their forces was precisely what the two English leaders could not effect. Colonel Baillie managed to reach Perambaucum within fifteen miles of Munro's position, when he suddenly found himself surrounded by the whole of Hyder's host, which opened fire upon his little band with sixty guns. And presently this crushing cannonade was supplemented by furious charges of Hyder's splendid horsemen. Nevertheless they were again repulsed by the platoon-firing of Baillie's men.

Baillie longed for the coming of Munro as deeply as Wellington was afterwards to desire the approach of Blücher. But Sir Hector, though the guns of Hyder must have been audible to him, tarried, like the foolish virgins, and came not; so that at last his coadjutor had to send an urgent message for his immediate advance. At last, after three days of terrible anxiety, Baillie had the partial satisfaction of being reinforced—not, it is true, by Munro's whole army, but by a slender detachment therefrom, consisting of the flank companies of the Macleod Highlanders' second battalion, under Captains the Hon. John Lindsay and David Baird, the future hero of Seringapatam; two companies of English Grenadiers and eleven of Sepoys, all under the command of Colonel Fletcher, who had taken a route the reverse of that recommended him by his native guide. Thus reinforced, Baillie started off to join Munro, but he had not progressed far when, in passing through a silent grove and jungle in a hollow of the ground, his force was suddenly stormed at by a terrific hail of shot from batteries in front and on either flank. At the same time the musketeers of Hyder now started up and poured in a most destructive fire upon the ambushed British column. Baillie had but ten poor guns, though he was so trammelled by the nature of the ground and the necessity of closeness in his movement that he could make little or no use of them; so here was his column, marching as a hollow square, with his sick, wounded, and baggage inside, caught at last in the trap which Hyder had prepared for it, and threatening every moment to be engulfed and utterly swallowed down by the surging masses of Mysoreans, who battered, volleyed, and charged at Baillie's entangled troops with a furious persistency.

Thus the awful welter had continued from six in the morning till nine, when victory began to declare itself for the devoted British troops, who had again by this time with their volley-firing made such depressing havoc among the hordes of Hyder that he actually began to rend his garments and prepare for flight. But just at this critical moment something happened which totally changed and cheered his prospects. This was the sudden explosion of two ammunition tumbrils, which destroyed the artillery of the British and laid open, as one would level with the ground the fence of a field, one entire side of their hitherto impenetrable square. Profiting at once like a true cavalry leader by this sudden catastrophe, Tippoo Sahib dashed his squadrons through the gap thus created, so that Baillie's column was soon reduced to only about four hundred Europeans, who fought their way to a rising ground, and there again formed square with a grim resolve to do or die. Colonel Baillie, despairing of help from Munro at Conjeveram, and anxious to save the lives of his few remaining heroes, went forward with a white handkerchief, demanding quarter. This was promised, but when the troops had laid down their arms they were perfidiously set upon by Hyder's butchers and massacred without mercy.

Of eighty-six officers, thirty-six had perished, and as many more were mangled. The gallant Baillie soon after succumbed to his wounds. Of the two companies of the Macleod Highlanders eighty-eight were slain; and of the remaining 115 hurried into brutalising captivity only twenty-three were unwounded. Their captain, David Baird, had to share their captivity, chained by the leg to one of his own men. When his Scottish mother heard of her son's fate, she exclaimed: "God pity the child that's chained to oor Davie!" Hyder Ali was meanwhile triumphant; but from the loathsome dungeons where his captives lay for the next four years there was yet to emerge a terrible avenger of his cruelty in the person of "oor Davie," who, restored to his Highlanders, was destined with them to visit the iniquity of the father upon the equally iniquitous son on the escalated ramparts of Seringapatam.

CHARLES LOWE.

BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY, No. XI.—CONJEVERAM.



THE DEFEAT OF HYDER ALI, AND HIS DESPAIR ON THE BATTLE-FIELD, 1780.

Drawn by R. Caton Woodville.

LITERATURE.

ROMANCE BURLESQUED.

Baron Verdigris: A Romance of the Reversed Direction. By Jocelyn Quilp. With a frontispiece by Aubrey Beardsley. (London: Henry and Co.)—The idea of this little volume is good, being the same as that of the "Time-Machine" papers now appearing in the *New Review*. A certain nefarious monk, known as Nalyticus, living about 1000 A.D., is credited with the discovery that the "positive direction" of analytical geometry corresponds to the future in time, and the "negative direction" to the past. Following out this brilliant conception, the monk invented a method of going into the future, corresponding to the faculty of memory applied to the past. Certain persons practised this method, and having thus been enabled to read the histories and novels of future generations, took a malicious delight in falsifying the former and anticipating the latter. Among these "gifted mediæval people" was Baron Verdigris, who was able to combine the conveniences of all centuries in his own career. His versatility is expressed by a characteristic drawing by Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, representing a feudal warrior with a knightly plume waving from a very small top-hat, and a suit of armour covered by a sack coat and turned-up trousers of the masher order.

The notion of a baron of the eleventh century straying into the nineteenth and others at will, and getting mixed in mind as to what belonged to what time, is one that lends itself to humour of the Gilbertian or topsy-turvy order; but it requires considerable skill to work the idea out consistently. The author has not been completely successful in keeping the central conception always in view. At the start the bold bad Baron has some congruity in his incongruous adventures. He resolves to murder his love, the Lady Meningitis, because of the pathetic poetry written (in coming ages) on her death; but he poisons her with powdered glass, and as this method is not yet invented, the lady survives. Fleeing from the vengeance of a Scotland Yard which his disturbed fancy antedates considerably, the Baron escapes to a ship; and realising, when in the Mediterranean, that the Scotland Yard from which he is flying and the Australia for which he is making both "come after," he joins our old friend Peter the Hermit and a few knights in an informal crusade. After capturing Jerusalem, the Baron is wounded, marries the Lady Meningitis, who has come out and nursed him, and decides to reform, taking his last dive into futurity; or "the positive direction," by going home on a P. and O. steamer and throwing overboard a curate who sings maudlin ballads.

But too much of the volume is the customary baggage of a modern burlesque—swindling knights, bibulous hermits, and free and easy noble ladies—with an entirely needless dash of Anti-Semitism. In fact, the author who styles himself "Jocelyn Quilp" has hit upon an excellent idea; but he has yet to acquire the experience necessary to work it out. In the world of burlesque the best effects are got by starting with absurd premises, but drawing rigorously logical conclusions from them. It is owing to this method that "The Mikado" is the acknowledged first of English comic operas; and to that model we would refer the clever author of "Baron Verdigris." For clever he undoubtedly is.

A PROTESTANT HERO.

Henry of Navarre. By E. T. Blair. (Philadelphia: J. R. Lippincott Co.)—Humour is not the strong point of most historians, but it needs a plentiful lack of that quality to make out Henry of Navarre as a true blue champion of Protestantism. It is to Mr. Blair's credit that he does not fall into this error. The chief fault of his work is excessive compression. He would have made his narrative more lucid had he given himself more space, and written two volumes instead of one. As it is, the book is a very interesting account of a period which contains perhaps more of the frankness of primitive human nature than any age that preceded or followed it. Over everything hovers the malignant shadow of Catherine de' Medici, who figures in Mr. Blair's history not as the melodramatic murderer of much fanatical testimony, but as the calculating mother who guarded her brood, tried to repair their blunders, and was actuated throughout much less by religious sentiment than by political shrewdness. She took Henry's measure very early, and though she might easily have murdered him, she preferred the subtler plan of playing upon his vices. Not immoral in her own life, despite the atmosphere of license in which she lived, Catherine systematically employed her "flying squadron" of Court ladies to assail Henry through his amorous weakness. When he became particularly troublesome there was always a maid of honour to employ the usual stratagem. Though incapable of gaiety, Catherine went the length on one occasion of tickling Henry's ribs, a piece of monumental archness which Mr. Blair sets down with befitting gravity. The marriage of the King of Navarre to Margaret of Valois was another proof of Catherine's sagacity, for Margaret had Henry's temperament to the full, and her life is the most scandalous chronicle in Europe. This admirably assorted pair conducted their adventures on a principle of mutual tolerance, of which there are some startling anecdotes. In those days Cupid sat on the helm of the warrior, and one of Henry's most characteristic performances was a public penance on the battle-field for an outrage on the domestic peace of a highly respectable citizen. It is just as difficult to take this remorse seriously as to believe in Henry's Protestantism even before his discovery that Paris was worth a Mass. His father changed his religion five times. Henry himself abjured his heresy when he was a prisoner at the Court of Henry III. That monarch, who used to spend his leisure in playing with dogs and dolls, was horribly frightened by sham messages from Heaven through a speaking-tube, a pleasing illustration of the early uses of the telephone. Superstition, lust, and cruelty play the maddest pranks in these pages, and the horrors of St. Bartholomew are not without a

counterpart in the fanaticism of the Huguenots. Mr. Blair treats the religious discords with exemplary impartiality. Personal rivalries spared neither Catholic nor Protestant. The Duke of Guise was the Catholic hero, but he came to his death by exciting the jealous fears of Henry III. He thought himself master of Paris, and walked to his murder with a nonchalance that no warnings could disturb. There is nothing in these annals of blood more eloquent of the savagery with a veneer of religion than the cold ferocity with which Guise was stabbed to death at the door of the King's cabinet. The best thing that can be said of Henry of Navarre is that, with all his ungovernable passions, he was not a professional assassin—no small distinction in those blood-letting times.

INGOLDSBY

The Ingoldsby Legends. New Edition. Three vols. (R. Bentley and Son.)—There are some authors one has ceased to read, but not to bless. Barham, for instance, figures almost transcendently in our most grateful recollections. The present writer's memory goes back to his schooldays, when he first heard the immortal Ingoldsby at a penny-reading, recited by a humorist with an unction that cannot be recalled now without ecstasy. It was the story of Winifred Price, who said, "Look at the clock!" as she opened the door to her husband's knock. And when that unfortunate wight was pursued down the mountain side by the infuriated timepiece, a very small boy tied himself in knots, while tears of mirth streamed down his apple cheek. There were many more readings—of young Hamilton Tighe, of naughty Nell Cook, of the wicked *mousquetaire* who saw two reproachful nuns on either side of his bed, when he penitently remembered only one, of the saint who "caught the foul demon a thwack where his tail joined on to the small of his back," of the weird St. Gengulphus, of the illustrious Jackdaw, of my Lord Tom Noddy and Tiger Tim, of the little vulgar boy, and especially of Mrs. Jones, who "told me to go to Jericho and fetch the beer myself." Tales which are taken in through the ear in boyhood cling more tenaciously to the memory than any books over which we pore at any age, and the quaint voice that read these rollicking humours and incomparable rhymes comes out of the past as fresh as ever. Is Ingoldsby still popular at innocent suburban gatherings? or is he voted too old-fashioned? Is it possible that the Lady Jane is considered vulgar now, because she was fond of winkles, and because, when Sir Thomas's body was dragged out of the pond with his pockets full of them, she begged that he might be put back again to "catch us some more"? Or has the "new" humour eclipsed this fun? Has even the taste for melodrama changed since Barham made the gibbet-chains clank with

Hand in hand the murderers stand,
By one, by two, and by three?

Yet these lines still haunt some of us like the grisly chant in "Treasure Island"—

Fifteen men on the dead man's chest—
Yo, ho, ho, and a bottle of rum!
Drink and the devil have done for the rest.
Yo, ho, ho, and a bottle of rum!

It is true that Ingoldsby is not quoted now in conversation, polite or otherwise, and that even the journalist in search of sprightly allusions neglects this indisputably comic genius. But to people who have never read a line of Barham we commend this new and handsome edition in three volumes, with all the excellent illustrations by Cruikshank, Leech, Tenniel, and Du Maurier, as one of the true sources of spontaneous gaiety in our literature. There is an admirable little sketch by the author's daughter, Mrs. Edward A. Bond, of her father's personal character and habits. He was a hard-worked London clergyman, who performed his duties with the utmost scruple—the fountain of practical wisdom to his parish, and full of kindness and robust good sense. Clerically minded, in the narrow sectarian sense, he was not, and his parishioners of all denominations respected and loved him. The liberality of his mind made him equally at home in his parochial work, his domestic circle, and the Garrick Club. There may be superfine critics who will dismiss Barham as an early Victorian jester, just as there are critics who disparage what they call the middle Victorian fiction—meaning Thackeray, Dickens, and Charlotte Brontë. To a literary sense which is not so ineffable Barham's breadth, his unflagging spirits, his gift of narrative in verse, his honest laughter are worth a good deal of what passes now for fastidious wit.

SEA-DOGS AND OTHERS.

The Hispaniola Plate. By John Bloundelle-Burton. (London: Cassell and Co., Limited.)—As the fable goes, Ugolino ate his own children; but that was an old-world affair, and by the mood of to-day it is the children who must eat Ugolino. "All is said, all is sung"—on the authority of Ouida herself, who has contributed not a little to the literary famine by saying, if not singing, for a considerable number of years. There is nothing new, not so much as a pirate with a pigtail or a filibuster rampant who would singe the beard of his Majesty of Spain. What blame then to Mr. Bloundelle-Burton that he should prove a dutiful son, and set himself down to a whole banquet which his ingenuity serves up from the little dish which the worthy Daniel Defoe provided? And "Colonel Jack" is responsible for it all—for the finely told fights, the roaring sea-dogs, the loud-mouthed swash-bucklers who figure in these pages. "We passed the tropics as near as we could guess just where Sir William Phips fished up the silver from the Spanish Plate wreck." So Defoe wrote, and to Mr. Bloundelle-Burton reading there came the idea that he would make capital of the hint; would tell how the plate was fished, by what perils it was got, with what exact accompaniment of blood-letting and of butchery. It would be unfair to deny that he has made a capital job of the venture. There is much that is tedious in the first fifty pages of his book,

much that is far from new. The "secret of the garret-room" is deplorably worn. The musty document found by an aged gentleman who goes down to a cellar for no particular reason, and with a disregard for rheumatism which is sublime, is tattered beyond repair. The young adventurer seeking a fortune is rapidly becoming a bore. But, admitting that Mr. Bloundelle-Burton might have spared us these things, there yet remains in his work a leaven of sound matter which helps it far upon the road to success. His sea-dogs have the right ring about them; his pirates are respectable pirates. He does not hesitate to crack skulls. Again we have acquaintance with the bawling buccaneers, full of rum and guineas; we are put in the best of moods by the spectacle of a round dozen of men eaten up by sharks; we are treated to decks slippery with blood; to gasps and shrieks, and even to screams. And when we have digested all these things, we can pause to remember that Mr. Bloundelle-Burton is quite a master-hand where a fight must be told; that his insight into character is much above that of the common narrator of adventure. Phips, indeed, is a fine figure; and one of the most pleasing of the many vignettes is that of the Duke of Albemarle, who fitted the ship with which the plate was pursued, and made a very fine bargain of the emprise. So good, in fact, are many of these old-world types that the modern frame to the picture proves a poor thing, often chipped and often bizarre. Mr. Bloundelle-Burton will be well advised if in his next venture he tears up the musty document in the impossible cellar and boldly relies upon history and the fiction of history. And then he will write even a better book than "The Hispaniola Plate."

THE EARLIER ARTS OF ANCIENT GREECE.

Art in Primitive Greece. By G. Perrot and C. Chipiez. Translated by I. Gonino. Two vols. (London: Chapman and Hall.)—The publishers of these volumes must be congratulated on keeping pace with the appearance of the original text. It was only last spring that Messrs. Perrot and Chipiez brought to a conclusion their exhaustive studies on the earlier arts of ancient Greece, having previously surveyed and analysed all that remained to us of the arts of still older races, which had risen to splendour before Greece appeared to exercise an influence on the architecture and sculpture of surrounding nations. When Greece, in the sixth century before the Christian era, was first brought into touch with the Eastern world, the great empires of the Euphrates and Nile valleys were already hastening to their decline. They had played their part in the history of the development of civilisation, displaying a creative faculty far in advance of the nations to which they succeeded. As the authors of these volumes have shown in their previous works, the influence of Chaldean and Egyptian art was traceable in all directions; and although Phrygian, Phœnician, Judæan, and Sardinian architecture showed certain distinctive features in each country, it bore witness to a common, perhaps wholly undiscoverable, but probably Semitic, origin. It was the function as well as the privilege of Greece to bring to bear upon the traditions of the past the genius and special bent of the Aryan race, and to substitute an eager love of change for the slow process of evolution which marked Oriental art. The excavations at Mycenæ, Tiryns, Thebes, and elsewhere show a rapid succession of links in the chain which connected early Hellas with the days of Pericles, each superimposed stratum bearing evidence to the restlessness of the Hellenic workman and his efforts in pursuit of a higher ideal. It does not concern us here to enter into the wide and thorny question as to how far Greek art was autochthonous or exotic. M. Perrot argues the case in favour of the latter view without pedantry or dogmatic absolutism, and he brings to his aid a mass of evidence which would at least point to unconscious recognition by Greek artists and craftsmen of the labours of their Asiatic and Egyptian contemporaries.

Passing from the domain of theory to that of observation, we find that in the most rudimentary phase of art—that of the Stone Age—Greece is strangely deficient. We may look in vain, even in inland Boœtia, for menhirs, cromlechs, and dolmens, such as abound in all other countries, from Scandinavia to Mexico; while the rare stone implements which have been found are smaller and more rudimentary than those of northern and western Europe. On the other hand, it is difficult to go back beyond the period when metal was not applied to even domestic uses in Troy, Tiryns, and Mycenæ. The last named city was, in fact, for four or five centuries before the Dorian invasion, the centre of civilisation in Continental Greece. Messrs. Perrot and Chipiez, therefore, take Mycænæan art as their starting-post, and, following its development in the footsteps of M. Fouqué, trace its influence over the island Thera (Santorin) to the opposite coast of Asia Minor. The fortress, the palace, and the grave were the buildings on which all energy seems to have been spent. The Acropolis of Mycenæ was essentially a citadel, and doubtless served as the model on which the earliest Pelasgic citadel of Athens was built. The general term of Cyclopean fortification was applicable to both, and the use of huge rough-hewn stones placed in the same position shows that the successive chieftains who ruled in Attica had not yet raised any distinctive claim for their architects and stone-hewers. The era of religious art, in fact, had not dawned. The anthropomorphic deities and heroes who were to inspire the Greek sculptor—and to necessitate the building of gorgeous temples for their worship—were only in the course of evolution. The Temple on Mount Ochia, in Eubœa, and the sacred grotto at Cynthus, on the island of Delos, are put forward as the oldest sanctuaries on Grecian soil. But even in these, Cyclopean blocks, not delicate ornament, are obviously the prevailing feature. The volumes under notice do not bring down the history of Greek art later than this Mycænæan period. Enough, however, has been unfolded and excavated of its conditions to enable M. Perrot the archaeologist and M. Chipiez the architect to combine in producing an attractive and instructive summary of the progress of the various "schools" now working at the remains of Ancient Greece.



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THE RIVAL BLUES.

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VIEWS OF ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL.

It is not unknown that the Governors of St. Thomas's Hospital, with H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught (the president) at their head, have appealed to the public for £100,000. The Queen has subscribed £100. A round £100,000 is a goodly alms, but larger sums have been raised for less salutary purposes.

St. Thomas's has never been among the begging hospitals. It has taken nothing from Hospital Saturday or Sunday funds, and not much from the dole-giving public. For three hundred years it has lived upon its own resources, which were not inconsiderable; but the shifting fortunes of the age have touched it to its material injury. It has country estates, but "agricultural depression" has greatly reduced its rent-roll, and it has had to bear very heavy charges on account of rates—a cost which it seems hardly fitting that a free hospital should be put to. What with losses here and taxation there, and gallant efforts to pay off loans incurred in the past, the Governors have been obliged to close three of their principal wards, and to set apart two others for well-to-do-patients, whose payments they could no longer afford to reject. Here, therefore, are five wards taken from the needs of the poor, for St. Thomas's is, and always has been, essentially a poor man's charity. It is to open and keep open the three wards that are shut, and to recover the others to their legitimate uses, that the sum just mentioned is asked.

There are some interesting points in the history of St. Thomas's, which is, I suppose, one of the oldest existing hospitals in the kingdom. It is one of the royal hospitals of London. The first Hospital of St. Thomas, within the precinct of the Priory of St. Mary Overie, was burned in



ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL, FROM THE RIVER.

Photo by Lavis, Eastbourne.



ONE OF THE WARDS.

Photo by Lavis, Eastbourne.

1207. Twenty years later Peter de Rupibus, Bishop of Winchester, built the hospital of St. Mary, or St. Thomas, Overie, and dedicated it to St. Thomas the Martyr. It was a stout enough structure to last until 1507, in which year "efforts were made to rebuild or enlarge it." It had forty beds for "poor, infirm, and impotent people," who were tended by the master, brethren, and three lay sisters. More interesting is it to learn that within the courts or precincts of this building was set up the famous printing-press of James Nycolson, and the first English Bible printed in England carries this legend: "Imprynted in Southwarke in St. Thomas Hospitale by James Nycolson. Dedicated by M. Coverdale to the King, 1537." By and by came the dissolution of the monasteries and religious houses, and St. Thomas's, which had then a revenue of £266 17s. 6d., was surrendered.

The fabric was rebuilt in 1693, when no less a sum than £37,769 was raised for that purpose. Down to the year 1862 St. Thomas's occupied its original site hard by London Bridge, but was driven thence in that year to make room for a new line of railway. A temporary abode was found in the Surrey Gardens, where the work of the hospital was carried on for nine years. Three years earlier, however, the first stone of the new building at Westminster Bridge was laid by her Majesty, who opened the completed hospital in 1871.

The present site—which, moreover, was the only available one—is about the finest for its purpose in Europe, and the hospital which stands on it must be a model for Europe during many generations. It is not necessary either to explain or to praise the block system which is the chief feature of the fabric. The ward blocks, though connected by corridors, stand free and exposed to all points of the compass. In each of the principal wards accommodation is furnished for not less than eight-and-twenty beds; to each bed in the ordinary wards is allotted a space of more than 1800 cubic feet, and to the beds in the wards appropriated to infectious diseases about 2500 cubic feet. The

special wards include those set apart for "diseases peculiar to women" (21 beds); for diseases of the eye (25 beds); and for children under six years of age (30 beds). Some 180 beds are given to ordinary medical cases, and 230 to ordinary surgical cases. The Medical School has its Students' Club, in addition to its many perfectly equipped laboratories, and a library of 4000 volumes. An extended account of the School would include reference to anatomical, physiological, biological, pathological, and I know not how many other departments; and to the Museum, a monument of the work of Sir Astley Cooper, which has been completely recatalogued. There are no fewer than four amalgamated clubs in connection with the School, the interests of which range from special research to football. The School is richly endowed with prizes, "either instituted by itself or the result of private endowment."

In their memorial to the Corporation of London, the Governors say that St. Thomas's has striven from the first faithfully to observe the three great duties of a hospital: to receive and tend the impoverished sick, to sustain and advance the arts of medicine and surgery, and "to train women in the noble business of nursing." The first of these, it may be presumed, is ward work; the second combines the work of wards and school; and both have been touched upon. The third of these duties, the training of women as nurses, has been for many years past a very special branch of the work of St. Thomas's. It is now five-and-thirty years since Miss Florence Nightingale was mainly instrumental in establishing a School for Nurses in the old St. Thomas's at London Bridge; and the example and efforts of that admirable and devoted lady have inspired many hundreds of women in the generation that has passed to take up and go through with a course of training that asks special gifts both of mind and body, and the reward of which, in the long run, is little more than the modest approbation of one's own heart.

T. H.



THE TERRACE OF THE HOSPITAL.

Photo by Lavis, Eastbourne.



MR. WILLIAM COURT GULLY, Q.C., M.P., A CANDIDATE FOR THE SPEAKERSHIP.

A Drawing from Life by Mr. R. Ponsonby Staples.



"THE MILL-STREAM, CERNE ABBAS."—BY YEEND KING, R.I.
In the Exhibition of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, Piccadilly.



"GOLDFISH."—BY CARLTON A. SMITH, R.I.
In the Exhibition of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, Piccadilly.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

My views on ghosts and phantasms have brought me a budget of letters from readers of this column, some commendatory, some critical adversely, some judicious and judicial in tone, and some (a few only) abusive. Why is it, I wonder, that among the failings of human nature one weakness crops out very persistently and pertinaciously—that of abusing and vilifying not only the views of an opponent, but the opponent himself? Why can't we be content to express our differences and our opinions, and let science and Father Time settle the rest? I may object very materially to what I call the "literary" view of phantasms, but I should never dream, so long as I preserve my reason intact, of abusing any journalistic confrère who happens to differ from me. Yet this is precisely what persons unknown to me personally do unto me. I am not compelling them to accept my views about ghosts and spectres being subjective things that come from the inside of one's own head; but, judging from the character of one or two epistles I have received, I might well be tempted to regard myself as a kind of scientific malefactor.

One lady (whose calligraphy, by the way, I recognise as that of a woman who is anti-everything in opinions) says that if I allege that "ghosts" are merely produced from within outwards by brain-action on the ends of sensory nerves, I must be regarded "as an Atheist and worse." What is "worse," in my correspondent's opinion, I dread to inquire. Another person charges me with "subverting Holy Scripture," because ghosts and spectres (in his opinion) are therein clearly referred to as objective and real things. A third remarks that I have not "proved" that ghosts can be the products of the irritated brain-ends of the optic nerves, to which I reply simply that my correspondent is a person whom no proof whatever would satisfy. On the whole, I have been greatly amused by the virulence, edified by the just criticism, and pleased by the commendation of the respective classes of my correspondents. It is not needful to reply in detail. How, for example, can I be expected to believe in an extraordinary recital which the writer of one letter goes on to declare he heard fifteen years ago from the lips of a friend (now deceased), and which details the appearance of the phantasm of a dead friend to four persons?

Without opportunity of examining and cross-examining all the persons involved in the recital, without seeing the place in question, and without knowing all the collateral circumstances under which the apparition is said to have appeared, it would be impossible for me (or for anyone else) to be expected to believe in the reality of the recital, and to overthrow, on mere hearsay evidence, all one's scientific opinions and prepossessions. This is what strikes me as being peculiarly characteristic of the ghost-seers and believers in the outside reality of phantasms. They grow querulous, angry, and abusive by turns when you ask for such evidence of these statements as would be demanded in the course of, say, a serious judicial inquiry. Therefore, until we find cases of alleged ghost-seeing presented to us on a basis such as will satisfy all reasonable demands in the way of evidence, I hold we are more than justified in simply taking our stand on the physiologists' platform, and refusing to credit to these illusions anything more in the way of reality than we attach to ringing in the ears, or the sparks which represent the subjective results of direct irritation of the eye.

One of the fields of scientific research in which veritable triumphs are being daily won is that of synthetic chemistry: in other words, the building up of products by artificially combining the elements whereof they are composed. In this way chemists are enabled to imitate natural substances in a manner and with a degree of success which might well-nigh warrant us in hoping even for the production of living matter itself. Indigo, it seems, is now made artificially, although it is true that the artificial process is too costly to supplant the natural product. Researches in the direction of the artificial production of quinine are proceeding, with what prospect of ultimate success, of course, no one can definitely predict; but grape sugar can be made in the laboratory, and I note that other and hitherto unknown forms of sugary compounds have also been synthetically produced. Quartz crystals of very minute size have been chemically built up. The diamond itself is crystallised carbon, and some years ago a measure of success was attained in producing microscopic diamonds by chemical agency. What a revolution and panic science might accomplish and effect in the commercial world should the diamond ever come to be made in any size as a laboratory product, may be better imagined than described. As yet, however, South Africa may possess its soul in equanimity and without fear.

That curious fish, the climbing perch (*Anabys scandens*), of the Indian region, leaves the water at will, and has been known to take to climbing trees, as its name implies. It is not the only fish which is quite at home "out of water," but its means of sustaining life when removed from water were believed to be somewhat special and peculiar. On each side of its head are two curious labyrinth-like bones. In these bones the anabys was believed to retain a supply of moisture which kept the gills moist in its terrestrial rambles. It appears, however, that these twisted bones do not subserve the function in question. Recent researches seem to prove that they are veritable breathing organs, of the nature of lungs, and as such, adapted to sustain the fish in its aerial life by the breathing of air directly from the atmosphere. Certain other fishes also breathe air directly by means of special organs which are of the nature of true lungs, and in which blood is duly purified. The case of the anabys, however, is an interesting modification, showing one among many other methods whereby the aquatic type of life can be converted into an aerial type; or at least how the bridging over of the gulf between water-living and terrestrial animals may have been effected in the past.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

J WESLEY (Exeter).—We are much obliged for your spirited sketch, which is worthy of John Leech, and with which we should like to have illustrated the criticism.

F E BUNDUCK (Windsor).—Your game with Sir Walter Parratt is marked for insertion. The other is under examination.

F H BENNETT (Matlock).—Your name is too well known to be forgotten so easily as you think. We are very pleased to hear from so esteemed a contributor.

P H WILLIAMS (Hampstead).—We trust the realisation of your efforts will yield a satisfactory problem.

H E KIDSON (Liverpool).—Thanks; it shall, of course, have our best attention.

Dr. F St (Camberwell).—The amended version to hand.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2655 received from Joseph Stevenson (Philadelphia); of No. 2657 from R G P B; of No. 2658 from J. Whittingham (Welshpool); Franklin Institute, R G P B, and Charles H C Harrison (Thirsk); of No. 2659 from Tom J Walker (Arnsdale), W E Thompson, L Penfold, J S Wesley (Exeter), H S Brandreth, R Worters (Canterbury), Franklin Institute, and Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2660 received from Edward J Sharpe, Oliver Icingle, J C Ireland, P Einert (Nottingham), Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), J A B, W Mackenzie, Admiral J Halliday Cave, T Roberts, Llandrinod, W Faure (Courtrai), Meursius (Brussels), W J Stables (Cheltenham), Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), E J F B (Clifton), E Loudon, R Ferguson, J S Wesley, W Wright, E E H, W H S (Peterborough), T G (Ware), C E Perugini, H Moorman (Liverpool), E B Foord, J George Thursfield (Wednesbury), G Douglas Angus, Miss Marie S Priestley (Bangor, County Down), Sorrento, Charles Burnett, G T Hughes (Athy), C B Penny, R H Brooks, W R B (Clifton), W Benglas (Ripon), Hermit, C A French, W R Raillem, Shadforth, J D Tucker (Leeds), W d'A Barnard (Uppingham), L Penfold, L Desanges, W P Hind, Alpha, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), F Leete (Sudbury), F A Carter (Maklon), Dr F St, and Ubique.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2659.—By W. T. PIERCE.

WHITE.
1. B to Kt 3rd
2. B to Q 2nd
3. Q Mates.

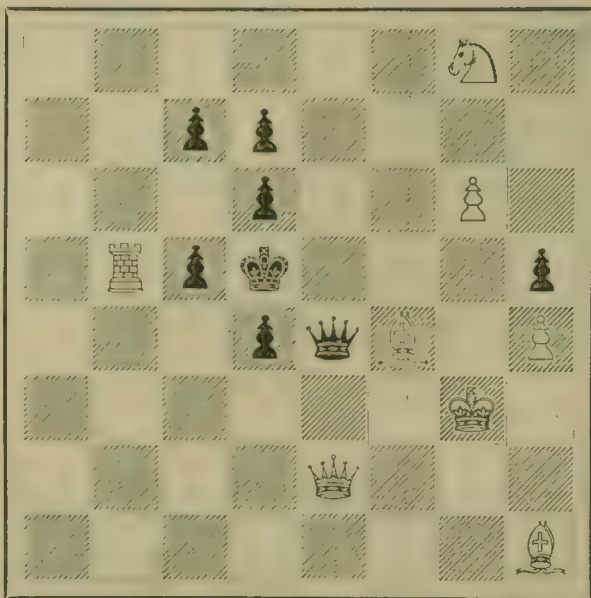
BLACK.
K to K 5th
K moves.

There is another solution of this problem commencing 1. B to B 3rd, etc.

PROBLEM No. 2662.

By A. C. CHALLENGER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the match Combined Universities v. British Chess Club between Messrs. A. HUNTER and P. HART DYKE.
(Centre Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. A. H., British.)	BLACK (Mr. P. H. D., Cambridge.)	WHITE (Mr. A. H., British.)	BLACK (Mr. P. H. D., Cambridge.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	14. P to R 5th	B to R 3rd
2. P to Q 4th	P takes P	15. P to K Kt 3rd	B to Kt 5th
3. Q takes P	Kt to Q B 3rd	16. P takes P	
4. Q to K 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd		
5. B to K 2nd			
A natural continuation, preventing Kt to K Kt 5th or to K R 4th now and later.			
6. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	17. P takes B	B takes Kt (ch)
7. Q to Kt 3rd	B to Kt 3rd	18. Q R to Kt sq	B takes P
8. B to K B 4th	Kt to Q 5th	19. Q to Q 5th (ch)	K to Kt 2nd
9. Castles		20. Q to Q 4th (ch)	*Q to B 3rd
Resulting in the disposal of both Bishops, a chance of which Black is not slow to avail himself, with this advantage, that the attack is weakened.			
10. K Kt takes Kt	Kt takes B (ch)	21. Q takes Q	K takes Q
11. Q to Q 3rd	Kt to R 4th	22. Kt to Q 5th (ch)	K to K 4th
12. Kt takes Kt	Kt takes B	23. Kt takes R	K takes Kt
13. P to R 4th	Castles	24. R takes R P	R to Q B sq
	P to Q 4th	25. R to R 4th	Resigns.

The untimely death of Mr. G. C. Heywood, the well-known chess-player of Newcastle-on-Tyne, has resulted in depriving his wife and family of their only means of subsistence. During the last few years he had devoted unsparingly his time, strength, and enthusiasm to popularising and advancing the game in the north of England. At a large and influential meeting it was resolved to establish a fund to be called the Heywood Memorial Fund, with the object of placing Mrs. Heywood in circumstances that will enable her to support herself and her children. Mr. James Dick, North Eastern Bank, Grey Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne, is the hon. treasurer of the fund, or subscriptions may be sent to J. W. Abbott, 163, New Bond Street, W.

The chessplayers of the Universities have been paying their usual visits to the London clubs before winding up the week with the match between themselves. On March 26 a combined team met the British Chess Club, which was defeated with a score of 7½ to 6½, the feature of the match being a fine game between Mr. P. Hart Dyke, the blind Cambridge captain, and Mr. A. Hunter. The next evening the City Club was encountered, but it proved altogether too strong for the visitors, who were defeated by 12 to 7. A like fate befell them on March 28 at the Metropolitan Club, when 13 to 7 was the measure of their overthrow, their hosts having provided an unusually tough nut to crack in the team that represented them. Finally, on the eve of the boat-race the allies opposed each other, with the result that for the first time in six years Oxford scored a victory—4 games to 3. The success was all the more meritorious from the fact that Cambridge was indebted to adjudication for two out of its three points. The following is the full score—

OXFORD.	WON.	CAMBRIDGE.	WON.
E. Lawson (Corpus)	0	P. Hart Dyke (King's)	1
P. W. Sergeant (Trinity)	0	H. J. Snowdon (Queens')	1
H. G. W. Cooper (Oriel)	1	W. Naish (Emmanuel)	1
H. K. Robbins (Corpus)	1	G. Varley (Christ's)	0
T. R. Collins (Ch. Ch.)	0	D. R. Fotheringham (Queens')	1
E. G. S. Churchill (Magd.)	1	W. T. Quinn (Caius)	0
H. Lake (Lincoln)	1	J. B. Foster (Trinity)	0
Total	4	Total	3

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

It is striking how the women who have been in one way or another associated with the earliest steps in the change in the position of women in modern times are dying almost at the same time. There is a simple enough reason, of course: this change in the education, business employments, and social activities opened to women dates back its beginnings but for thirty years or so, and those who were at the time in the full bloom of strength and intellect are now falling like the ripe fruit from the tree in autumn. Hence, to Madame Bodichon, Lady Stanley of Alderley, Miss Buss, and others in England, Mlle. Desrismes in France, Mrs. Bloomer in America, are now to be added one of the best known German and one of the most illustrious Norwegian women, both of whom have died during the month of March. The former, Frau Otto Peters, founded the "National Association of German Women" at Leipsic so long ago as 1865. She was the wife of a Radical, as that term was understood in Germany in 1848; and in the novels by which she began her literary career she pleaded the cause of the working people and women alike. She started the publication of a paper with the motto, "I call Women to the aid of Liberty," during the revolutionary period of 1848, but her husband being sentenced to imprisonment for political reasons, her paper was suppressed by the authorities. After founding the society above mentioned, the object of which was "to elevate the educational and social position of women," she began another woman's newspaper, called *New Paths*, and this she edited to her death. Her association was the first that encouraged German women to speak from public platforms, and it has held its annual meetings in different towns, so as to accustom different populations to the idea of lady orators. "People would come, curious to hear women speak; they came but to amuse themselves, but they often remained interested and became convinced. The last annual meeting of which I have a note discussed, among other subjects, women's wages, the education of female teachers, the place of women as citizens, and the food supply; all the speakers were women, and the proceedings were enlivened by excursions to places of interest in Lübeck (where the meeting was held) and by social receptions and a banquet. The Norwegian woman of note who has died is Mrs. Camilla Collett. The *Athenæum* describes her as "the last survivor of the Norwegian writers of the beginning of the century." She was the sister of the most famous poet of his time and nation, Wergeland, and herself wrote both poetry and fiction, one of her novels, "The Sheriff's Daughters," being translated into nearly all the languages of Europe, but her chief works were all directed to the position of women. She contributed the chapter on Norway to Mr. Theodore Stanton's book, "Women in Europe," and wrote very pessimistically on the subject. "It is still," she declared, "as much as before 1814, regarded as unfeminine for one half of the people of Norway to take an interest in what interests the other half. If a woman should venture an opinion or put a question among men talking on political topics, a polite response may be given, but it will be instinctively addressed to the man at her side." This in the country of Ibsen!

A Bill that may be of much consequence to women, both generally speaking as the shopping sex and particularly to those who are shop assistants, has passed its second reading in the House of Commons and been referred to a committee. After they have considered its details it will be passed almost as a matter of course, but has still to encounter the House of Lords. It is "The Shop Hours' Regulation Bill," and it provides that two-thirds of the shopkeepers in any locality shall be at liberty to call on the Town Council to make all tradesmen close their shops at any hour agreed upon by the majority, either on every day of the week or on one fixed for a half-holiday. There is a good deal to be said on both sides about such a proposal. It would be extremely inconvenient to working women to have all the shops closed early. When is a woman who herself works (as so many must) from nine to seven, or later, to do her shopping if all the shops are closed at six or seven at night? Why should the industrious small shopkeeper, whose little capital and limited turnover compel him to strain every nerve to compete against the cheapness and attractions of the huge establishments and Stores, be prevented from making up for the disadvantages of his position by working, if he be willing, longer hours than the richer shopkeeper need do? These are the objections to the Bill; and the first, the great inconvenience to working women as shoppers, is by far the more important. On the other hand, the long hours kept in some classes of shops are most injurious to health, and destroy all chance of proper recreation and leisure for the workers in them. Miss Irwin, the Government Inspector, found young women employed in shops for eighty, ninety, one hundred, and in one case (a confectioner's) even for one hundred and ten hours per week! This is atrocious, and in some way such treating of humanity like machinery should be made impossible. "In a medium is safety." If this new law be used with discretion, as, for instance, only to secure a weekly early closing night, it will do much good and no harm; but if it be forced to its utmost limit, and used by the big shopkeepers to make the little ones shut early every evening, the latter will suffer, and the public will be so inconvenienced that the law will probably become inoperative. It is a local option measure, and cannot come in force anywhere without the approval of two-thirds of all tradesmen in a locality.

I have been inspecting the unique goods known as the "Kneipp System of Underclothing," the London dépôt of which is at 74, Baker Street. It is something quite new; the material is spun flax, yet it is not exactly linen, for it is porous almost a network. In fact, the garments intended to be worn next the skin are made of the material woven in such large meshes that anything smaller than a whiting might get through if you used it for a fishing-net! It is rough-surfaced, and the makers claim that it is just the right thing to stimulate the skin, and so to be very beneficial to sufferers from rheumatism, chilliness, and defective circulation.

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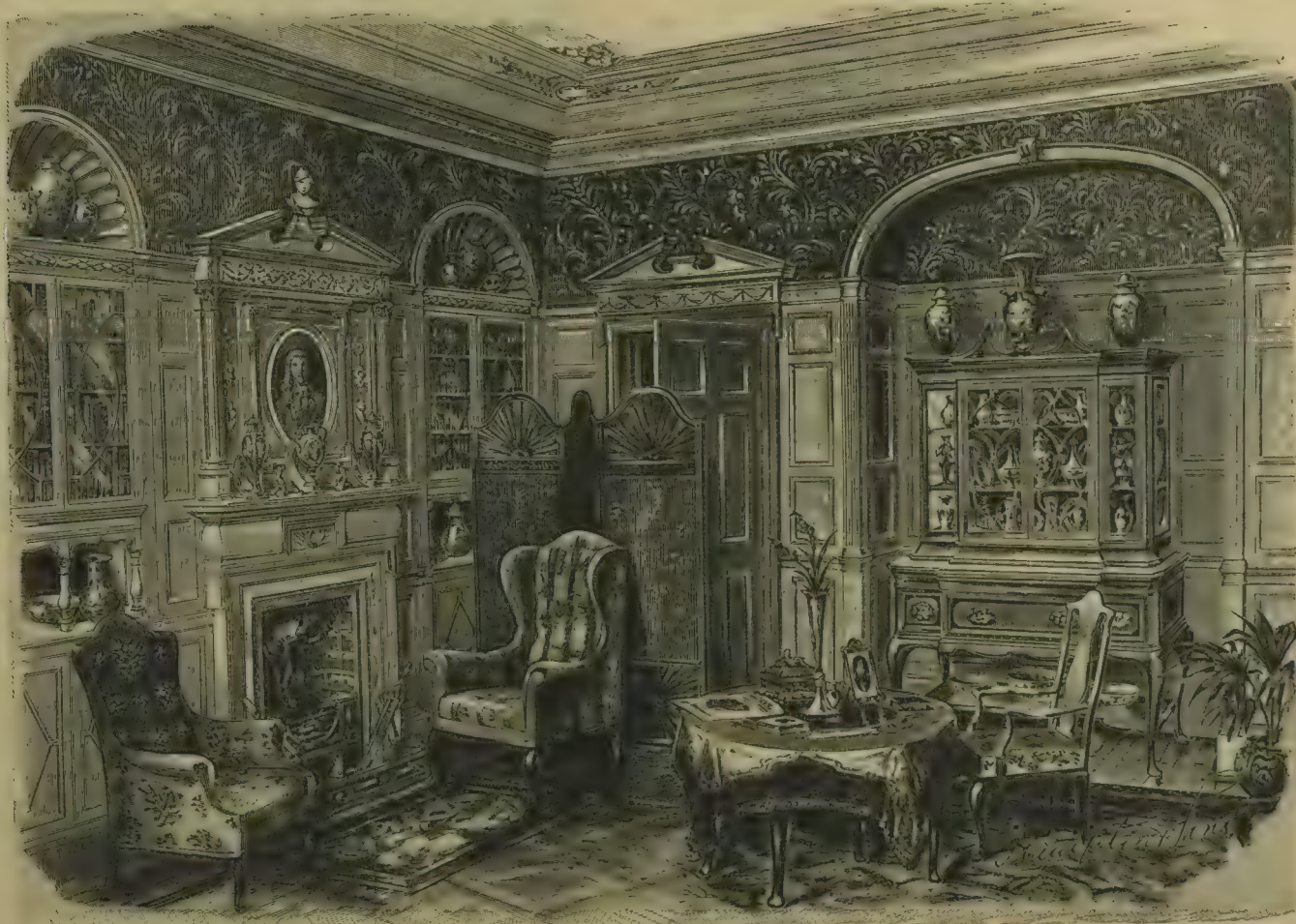
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Feb. 6, 1894) of the Right Hon. Henry Hussey, Baron Swansea, of Singleton, Glamorganshire, and 27, Belgrave Square, who died on Nov. 28, was proved on March 21 by Lady Swansea, the widow, Lord Swansea, and the Hon. John Aubrey Vivian, the sons, and William Graham Vivian, and Arthur Pendarves Vivian, the brothers, five of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £215,160. The testator gives his residence in Belgrave Square and the furniture and effects (with some exceptions), certain furniture and effects at Singleton, and £500 to his wife. He also gives her, for life, the mansion-house at Singleton, with the grounds and lands occupied therewith, and £3000 per annum (which may be increased at the discretion of his trustees) in addition to what she will receive under their marriage settlement. Additional annual payments are to be made to her in respect of each of his younger sons during their respective minorities, and in respect of his unmarried daughters under twenty-five. As to his shares and interest in the capital, effects, and profits of the firm of Vivian and Sons, he directs portions of £10,000 to be set aside for each of his daughters, in addition to what they will be entitled to under settlement; and leaves £14,000, fourteen thirty-fifth parts of the future profits, and forty per cent. of the ultimate residue of his capital, etc., to his eldest son; £7000, seven thirty-fifth parts of the future profits, and twenty per cent. of the ultimate residue to his son John Aubrey; and £14,000, fourteen thirty-fifth parts of the future profits, and forty per cent. of the ultimate residue to go with his residuary estate. As to his shares in H. H. Vivian and Company, Limited, forty per cent. are to go to his eldest son, twenty per cent. to his son John Aubrey, and forty per cent. with his residuary estate. There are other specific bequests to his wife and children, and pecuniary legacies to brothers, sisters, clerks and servants. He devises the Singleton estate (subject to his wife's life interest in the mansion-house, etc.) to his eldest son, the present Lord Swansea, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons successively, according to their respective seniorities in tail male, and the furniture and effects at the mansion-house, not otherwise bequeathed, are to be held therewith as heirlooms; the Park-le-Breos estate, with lands adjoining, and the chemical works, cattle, sheep, and live and dead farming stock and implements to his son John Aubrey; Gelliher, Fairwood Corner, and Whitewells, with the lands adjoining, to his son Henry Hussey; and Fairwood Lodge and lands adjoining to his son Odo Richard. On the death of his wife £10,000 is to be held upon trust to provide a home for his unmarried daughters. The ultimate residue of his real and personal estate is to be divided between his sons Henry Hussey and Odo Richard.

The will (dated March 17, 1894) of Mrs. Emma Mackenzie, of 6, Kensington Park Gardens, and St. Bernard's, Bournemouth, who died on Jan. 14, was proved on Feb. 11 by Edwin John Landseer Mackenzie, the son, Henry Arthur White, and Sharon Grote Turner, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting



THE PRESENTATION TO MR. F. C. C. NIELSEN.

A handsome trophy and centrepiece was recently presented to Mr. F. C. C. Nielsen, the General Manager in England of the Great Northern Telegraph Company, by the members of the British staffs, upon the completion by him of twenty-five years' service in the company, together with a congratulatory address. As will be seen in our illustration, the base was encircled by the representation of a cable, and rises in a graceful curve to a similar cable forming the foundation for a fluted column, supporting an engraved and cut-glass dish. This is surmounted by a representation of the globe, bearing an exquisitely modelled figure of Electra grasping the lightning. The design, modelled throughout in sterling silver, does credit to Messrs. Mappin and Webb, of 2, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., and Oxford Street, W.

to £70,350. The testatrix bequeaths the portrait of her father, John Landseer, R.A., by her brother, Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A., to her son Edwin John Landseer Mackenzie, for life, then to her grandson Edwin

Mackenzie, for life, and then to the National Gallery; her two eye bracelets to the South Kensington Museum; £1000 to the Hospital for Incurables (West Hill, Putney Heath); £500 each to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the Hospital or Home for Lost Dogs and Home for Cats, and the Jubilee Hospital at Bournemouth; 6, Kensington Park Gardens, and the contents (with some exceptions) and the medals and orders of merit of her brother Sir Edwin Landseer to her son Edwin John Landseer Mackenzie; £3000; and the contents of her residence at Bournemouth to her son Landseer Mackenzie; £3000 to Robert Ormsby; £1000 each to the daughters of her son Landseer Mackenzie; £6000, upon trust, for her grandson Edwin Mackenzie, his wife and children; £3000 each, upon trust, for her grandsons John Landseer Mackenzie and Colin Landseer Mackenzie and their respective wives and children; and many legacies to members of her family, godchildren, executors, servants, and others. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to her said two sons, in equal shares.

The will (dated March 25, 1890), with two codicils (the first bearing the same date as the will, and the second Dec. 10, 1894), of Mrs. Sarah Rebecca Smyth, of Stevenage, Herts, who died on Jan. 15, was proved on Feb. 28 by James Flack and George Townsend Benison, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £57,007. The testatrix gives £300 to the Herts. Convalescent Home, St. Leonards; £150 to the rector and churchwardens of Stevenage, for the erection of a lych gate at the entrance of the churchyard; £36,000 and some house property to the said James Flack; £10,000 and the manor and estate of Sharpshoe to the said George Townsend Benison; and some other legacies. She appoints the trust funds under her marriage settlement to George Townsend Benison and her cousins Sarah Pearce and Eliza Georgiana Thuey, in equal shares. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves, as to one third, to Mr. Benison; and one third each, upon trust, for her cousins Mrs. Pearce and Mrs. Thuey for their respective lives, and then for their children.

(The will, dated Sept. 15, 1891), with a codicil (dated June 6, 1893), of Mr. James Eastwood Pickard, of The Elms, Knighton, Leicester, who died on Oct. 29, has been proved at the Leicester District Registry by Ezra Pickard and William Pickard, the sons, and Samuel Faire, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £46,462. The testator gives all his household furniture and effects, horses and carriages, and £150 to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Pickard, and his residence, The Elms, and £500 per annum to her for life. Considerable legacies are given to, or upon trust for, children and other members of his family; and there are bequests to his sister, niece, nephew, executors, and two of his workmen. The residue of his property he leaves to his children James Eastwood Pickard, Mary Ann Pickard, Ezra Pickard, Sarah Faire, William Pickard, Elizabeth Dicks, and Albert Pickard.

The will (dated Dec. 5, 1891) of Mr. Thomas Walton Thompson, of 27, Amptill Square, Hampstead Road; who died on Jan. 13, was proved on March 25 by Arthur George Thompson, Frederic Willoughby Thompson, and

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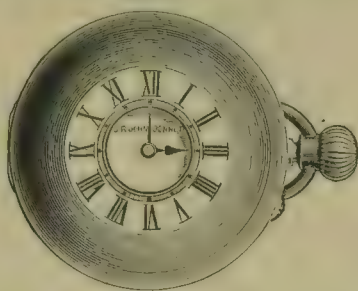
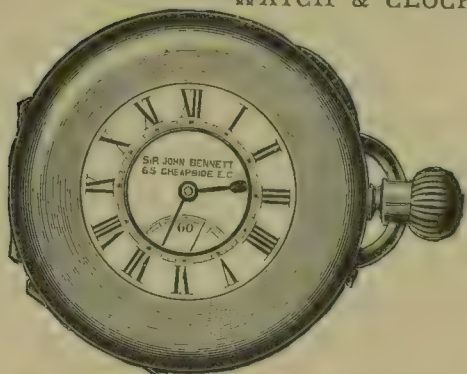
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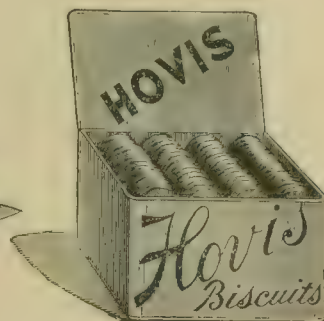
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Charles Thompson, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £35,683. The testator bequeaths £100 each to the London Orphan Asylum (Watford), University College Hospital (Gower Street), the Hospital for Incurables (Putney), the Orphan Working School (Haverstock Hill), and St. Pancras Almshouses; his household furniture, plate, pictures, and effects, a policy on his life for £500, and £200 to his daughter, Ada Ellen; and legacies to sister, nephews, nieces, and cousins. As to the residue of his property, he leaves one-sixth upon trust for his son Arthur George Thompson; one-sixth upon trust for his daughter, Emily Jane Calkin; and four-sixths equally between his children, Frederic Willoughby Thompson, Charles Thompson, Ada Ellen Thompson, and Elizabeth Anne Kemshead.

The will and codicil (both dated Dec. 27, 1893) of Mr. Henry Etherington Smith, J.P., of Norris Hill, near Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Leicestershire, who died on Aug. 3 at Bournemouth, have been proved at the Leicester District Registry by John Henry Etherington Smith, the son and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £23,468. The testator gives his household furniture and effects, horses and carriages, live and dead farming stock and implements, £2000 to dispose of at his discretion, and £15,000 absolutely to his son John Henry Etherington Smith, and he states that he has given to his two other sons amounts equivalent to the legacy of £15,000; six shares in a gas company to his son Francis Peters; £8500 upon trust for his daughter Edith Mary Leitch; and an annuity of £300 to his daughter Henrietta Sophia Smith. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves one third to his son John Henry Etherington Smith; and one third each upon trust for his sons William Herbert Broadley Smith and Francis Peters Smith.

The will of Dame Frances Susannah Pycroft, of 25, The Lees, Folkestone, who died on March 1, was proved on March 22 by Alfred Charles Trevor and James Brooke Little, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £9589.

The will of Eleanor Margaret, Dowager Baroness Westbury, who died on Dec. 19, at Florence, was proved on March 20 by William Harness Simpson, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £9448.

The will of Admiral Sir William Loring, K.C.B., of Stone-lands, Ryde, Isle of Wight, who died on Jan. 4, was proved



SILVER TRAY PRESENTED TO SIR JOSEPH BARNBY.

Sir Joseph Barnby has had recently yet another testimony to his popularity. The hundred-and-twenty Professors at the Guildhall School of Music, of which he is the Principal, have presented him with a beautiful silver tray. A handsome album accompanied the gift, and in it were inscribed all the names of the donors, with hearty congratulations to Sir Joseph on his recovery from illness. The tray is a fine specimen of work, and was specially manufactured by the Association of Diamond Merchants, Jewellers, and Silversmiths, 6, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, W.C. The presentation was gracefully made by Herr Francesco Berger, on behalf of his colleagues; and Sir Joseph Barnby responded in terms which expressed his high appreciation of such cordiality and generosity.

on March 25 by Dame Frances Louisa Loring, the widow, and Frederick George Loring, the son, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £1434.

Letters of administration of the personal estate of Mr. Edward Frederick Smyth-Pigott, the Examiner of Plays, of 150, Oxford Street, who died on Feb. 23 intestate, a bachelor, have been granted to the Rev. John Hugh Smyth-Pigott, the nephew, and one of the next-of-kin, the value of the personal estate amounting to £1337.

The will of Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Fludger, formerly of the Grenadier Guards, of Camborne, Cornwall, who died on Jan. 14, was proved on March 25 by Miss Ellen Cobden, the sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £2804.

Letters of administration of the personal estate of the Right Hon. Hilda, Lady de Clifford, of 125, Victoria

Street, who died on Feb. 7 intestate, were granted on March 20 to Harriet Agnes, the Dowager Lady de Clifford, as the guardian of Jack Southwell, Lord de Clifford, a minor, the son and only next-of-kin, the value of the personal estate amounting to £2890.

That excellent cause, the National Life-Boat Institution, held its annual meeting on March 23 in St. Martin's Town Hall, under the presidency of Lord Tweedmouth. Mr. C. Dibdin, the secretary, made several interesting announcements as to the work of the society, stating that during the last year 637 lives were saved by life-boats. The development of the "Life-Boat Saturday" movement was satisfactorily progressing. The total expenditure of the Institution during last year was over £80,000.

Very interesting social gatherings have recently taken place at Colston Hall, Bristol, to celebrate the opening of yet another factory connected with the eminent firm of Messrs. J. S. Fry and Sons. Altogether, about 3500 guests were invited by Messrs. Fry to participate in the satisfaction which the heads of the firm feel in the extension of their business. Mr. J. Storrs Fry, who was one of the speakers, mentioned that his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather had been members of the house, whose operations as to cocoa and chocolate have obtained world-wide renown. It is pleasant to record incidents like the foregoing, which prove the sympathetic relations existing between employer and employed.

That arsenal of facts, the "Statesman's Year-Book" (Macmillan) has just made its annual appearance in the familiar crimson which seems to be the "ruling colour" for such volumes. Mr. J. Scott Keltie, assisted by Mr. I. P. A. Renwick, has again edited the book with great care and with the evident determination that it shall retain its high place as a leading authority. A new feature is the information given as to the various systems of Customs valuation in existence. This adds to the value of the commercial statistics. With such an enormous mass of figures and names, the accuracy of the contents is wonderful. The facts are brought up to date, and new appointments seem to be notified in every case where we have consulted the book. It is not only a necessity to every statesman, but also to every publicist and journalist to have within reach a copy of the "Statesman's Year-Book."

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EASTER ARRANGEMENTS.—LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.
Special Cheap Return Tickets will be issued on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, April 12, 13, and 14, to and from London and the Sea-side, available for return on any day up to and including Wednesday, April 17, as per special bills.

PARIS AT EASTER.—SPECIAL CHEAP EXCURSION (First and Second Class only). THURSDAY, April 11, by the above Special Express Day Service.—Leaving London Bridge 9 a.m., Victoria 9 a.m., and Kensington (Addison Road) 8.40 a.m.

Excursion Tickets (First, Second, and Third Class) will also be issued by the above Express Night Service, leaving Victoria 8.50 p.m. and London Bridge 9 p.m. on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, April 10 to 16 inclusive.

Returning from Paris by the above 9 p.m. Night Service only on any day within 14 days of the date of issue. Fares, First Class, 38s. 3d.; Second Class, 30s. 3d.; Third Class (Night Service only), 28s.

First and Second Class Passengers may return by the Day Service from Paris 9.30 a.m. on payment of 4s. 9d. and 3s. respectively.

BRIGHTON AND WORTHING.—GOOD FRIDAY AND EASTER SUNDAY.—A CHEAP FIRST-CLASS TRAIN from Victoria 10.45 a.m. to Brighton and Worthing, and 12.15 p.m. to Brighton only. Day Return Tickets, 10s. to Brighton, 11s. to Worthing.

BRIGHTON AND WORTHING, FRIDAY, SATURDAY, AND SUNDAY TO WEDNESDAY.—SPECIAL CHEAP TICKETS from London by all Trains according to class and by SPECIAL TRAIN, SATURDAY, April 13, from Victoria 2.0 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction; from Kensington (Addison Road) 1.50 p.m., calling at West Brompton, Chelsea, and Battersea; from London Bridge 2.15 p.m., calling at New Cross, Norwood Junction and East Croydon, to Brighton and Worthing.

Returning by any Train according to class on any day up to and including Wednesday, April 17. Fares from London, 14s., 8s. 6d., 6s. 4d. to Brighton, and 11s., 9s. 6d., 7s. to Worthing.

HASTINGS, ST. LEONARDS, and EAST-BOURNE.—Fast Trains every Weekday.
From Victoria—9.50 a.m., 12 noon, 1.30 p.m., and 3.27 p.m., also 4.30 p.m. and 5.40 p.m. to Eastbourne only.
From London Bridge—9.45 a.m., 12.5 p.m., 2.5 p.m., 4.5 p.m., and 5.5 p.m.

PORTSMOUTH and the ISLE OF WIGHT.
SATURDAY TO TUESDAY. SPECIAL CHEAP TRAINS, SATURDAY, April 13, from Victoria 1 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction; from Kensington (Addison Road) 12.45 p.m.; from London Bridge 2.30 p.m. Returning by certain Trains only the following Tuesday evening.

SPECIAL CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS.
GOOD FRIDAY, EASTER SUNDAY, AND MONDAY, from London Bridge and Victoria to Brighton, Worthing, Midhurst, Portsmouth, Isle of Wight, Tunbridge Wells, Lewes, Seaford, Eastbourne, and Hastings; and on EASTER TUESDAY to Brighton and Worthing.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—GOOD FRIDAY.
GRAND SACRED CONCERT. FREQUENT DIRECT TRAINS to the Crystal Palace from London Bridge and New Cross, also from Victoria, Kensington (Addison Road), West Brompton, Chelsea, and Clapham Junction.

BRANCH BOOKING OFFICES.—For the convenience of Passengers who may desire to take their tickets in advance, the following Branch Booking Offices, in addition to those at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations, are now open for the issue of tickets to all Stations on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, and to the Isle of Wight, Paris, and the Continent:—
The Company's West-End Booking Office: 23, Regent Street, Piccadilly, W., and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings.
The Company's City Booking Office: 6, Arthur Street East, and 11, Hay's, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings, Cornhill.
Cook's Tourist Offices: Ludgate Circus, 445, West Strand, 99, Gracechurch Street, 82, Oxford Street, and Euston Road.
Gaze's Tourist Offices: 142, Strand, 18, Westbourne Grove, 4, Northumberland Avenue, and Piccadilly Circus.
Jenkins': 6, Camden Road, 99, Leadenhall Street, and 30, Silver Street, Nottingham Hill Gate.
Myers': 343, Gray's Inn Road and 14, Pentonville Road.
Swan and Leach's: 3, Charing Cross, and 32, Piccadilly Circus.
The Army and Navy Stores, Victoria Street, Westminster.
Civil Service Supply Association, 136, Queen Victoria Street.
Ordinary Tickets issued at these Offices will be dated to suit the convenience of Passengers.
For Further Particulars see Easter Programme and Handbills, to be had at all Stations, and at any of the above Offices.
(By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.
EASTER HOLIDAYS, 1895.

On THURSDAY, APRIL 11, A SPECIAL EXPRESS will leave WILLESDEN at 2.55 p.m. for Blitchley, Wolverton, Blisworth, Weedon, Welton, Rugby, Trent Valley Stations, and Stafford. A SPECIAL EXPRESS will also leave EUSTON at 4.25 p.m. for Birmingham, calling at Willesden and Coventry.

On the same date the 12 Midnight Train from Euston will be extended from Warrington to Preston on Good Friday, arriving at Preston 6.2 a.m.

On GOOD FRIDAY, APRIL 12, the 5.15 a.m. Newspaper Express Train from London (Euston Station) will run to Blisworth, Northampton, Rugby, Birmingham, Nuneaton, Tamworth, Lichfield, Rugeley, Stafford, Shrewsbury, Crewe, Runcorn, Liverpool, Manchester, Warrington, Wigan, Preston, Lancaster, Carnforth, Oxenholme, Kendal, Windermere, Tebay, Penrith, Carlisle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, and Aberdeen. A Train will leave Manchester at 9.30 a.m., for Wigan, where passengers for Preston and the North can join the Newspaper Train.

A SPECIAL TRAIN will leave EUSTON at 10.5 a.m. for Cheddington, calling at Willesden, Watford, King's Langley, Boxmoor, Borehamwood, and Tring.

On FRIDAY NIGHT and SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 12 and 13, the 11.41 p.m. and 12.5 a.m. Trains from Carlisle will run as usual. The 12.5 a.m. will call at Oxenholme and Carnforth if required.

The other trains generally on Good Friday will run as on Sunday, with the exception of the 10.45 a.m. Crewe to Holyhead, and 1 p.m. Holyhead to Chester, which will not be run.

On SUNDAY, APRIL 14, A Special Train will leave Euston at 10.5 a.m. for Cheddington, calling at Willesden, Watford, King's Langley, Boxmoor, Borehamwood, and Tring.

ON BANK HOLIDAY EASTER MONDAY, APRIL 15, the 12 noon and 4 p.m. trains from Euston will leave at 12.10 noon and 4.10 p.m. respectively. The 4.30 p.m. train from London will not run; passengers will be conveyed by the 5 p.m. train, except those for Peterborough, Market Harborough, Melton Mowbray, Nottingham, and the G.N. Line, who must travel by the 3.15 p.m. train from Euston. Numerous Residential Trains in the neighbourhood of important Cities and Towns will not be run. THE UP AND DOWN DINING SALOONS between London, Liverpool, and Manchester will not be run on Easter Monday, April 15, but the Corridor Dining Car Trains between London and Edinburgh and Glasgow will be run as usual.

For further particulars see Special Notices issued by the Company, Euston Station, April 1895.

COUNTRY MANSION wanted, to be held in Trust for use as a Holiday Home for Poor and Delicate London Children. The Council of the Sunday School Union Society, which has provided Holiday Homes for nearly ten thousand London children during the past nine years, seek to acquire a permanent building, with ground attached, where, under more direct control and better sanitary conditions, the work can be more efficiently carried on. With this view they appeal to the wealthy and benevolent to help them by such a gift. The building must necessarily be within a reasonable distance from a railway station and easy access of London. All communications should be addressed to Mr. FRANK CLEMENTS, Hon. Sec. Country Homes Committee, Sunday School Union, 56, Old Bailey, E.C.

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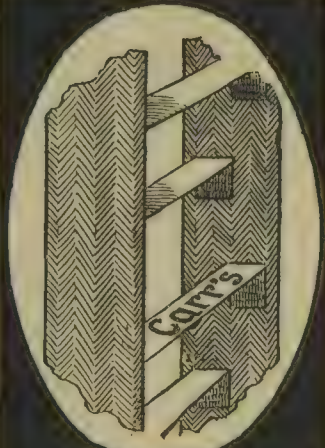
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JOHN TAYLOR, Chemist, 13, Baker Street, London, W.

ART NOTES.

The interesting exhibition with which the Fine Art Society brings to a close an eminently successful winter season cannot fail to raise the often-debated claims of Sir John Tenniel to rank among English "caricaturists." Hogarth, Rowlandson, Gillray among the ancients, Cruikshank, Seymour, and Leech among the more modern, undoubtedly occupy front places in this special line. Sir John Tenniel, however, although contributing once a week for forty years to the pages of a "comic" paper, is not thereby constituted a political caricaturist. The function of caricature as defined by those who have made it their special study is to "dissipate the cloud thrown by ugliness over beauty." Our experience tells us that the part played by caricaturists has often been to intensify ugliness, and in this way to discredit its malevolence. Sir John Tenniel has certainly never applied his talents to this school of caricature. Essentially an admirer of form and line, he has endeavoured to ennoble types rather than to debase them.

For many reasons it is to be regretted that the present collection contains comparatively few of Sir John Tenniel's cartoons—called into existence in times of national or political strife more stirring than our own. The memory of many of these still lingers in the minds of those who are accustomed to look on the weekly cartoon in *Punch* as the mirror of the subject most occupying the public mind, and possibly influencing a larger share of dominant opinion

than is thought. This opinion is ever changing, and one of Sir John Tenniel's chief claims to public favour is that he has never seriously withstood any of its shifting moods. The sympathy with France in the earlier stages of her struggle with Germany, and the lessons of the Commune, are almost the only pictures here which go back to the first half of Sir John Tenniel's career, and even these belong to a time when he had been nearly twenty years at work. The rivalries of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli, and Sir William Harcourt's final revolt against the latter, have happily survived; but the majority of the earlier cartoons were drawn at once on the "block," and engraved by Mr. J. Swain; and as they only exist in that state, we must look to their being included in future numbers of "Pictures from *Punch*," now in course of republication. To make up for these absent works we have a very satisfactory series of the cartoons dealing with the rise and fall of the Salisbury Cabinet from "The Coming of Arthur" down to the close of last year—a period including many stirring political incidents at home, while Africa, Siam, Newfoundland, as well as France and Germany, supply topics for Sir John Tenniel's facile and graceful pencil. In the more complicated designs for the large cartoons for *Punch's Almanack* since 1876 we have evidence of the artist's power of skilfully grouping figures which at first sight seem altogether incongruous; while in the sketches for "Alice in Wonderland" he shows not only a complete mastery of childish grace and simplicity, but an insight

into child life which his colleague "Dicky" Doyle might well envy.

The Session, apparently, is not to pass without some steps being taken to give effect to the very crude proposal of establishing a "Campo Santo" in connection with Westminster Abbey. When the proposal was last mooted we expressed a very general idea that official "fussiness" and personal vanity had been at the bottom of the movement. There is still room for nearly one hundred coffins within the precincts of the Abbey, and until this space is occupied the friends of those to whom a place in the new burying-ground is assigned will assume, not unnaturally, that they are not ranked among "the illustrious dead" but as mere outsiders. This feeling seems to have been recognised by some in high office, who suggest that the distinction would be considerably mitigated if the ground on which the refectory of the old convent formerly stood could be appropriated for the purpose. There may be reasons, as urged by the Commission, for removing the picturesque old houses in Poet's Corner and Palace Yard, although with due precautions the dangers to which they give rise might be reduced to a minimum. The removal of these buildings, however, would be no reason for the erection in their place of a Campo Santo, which for at least fifty—perhaps a hundred—years cannot expect to receive an occupant, except with the suggestion that he was not worthy of a resting-place within the Abbey.

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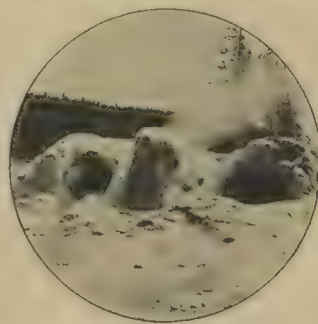
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OBITUARY.

Lord d'Arey Godolphin Osborne, third son of the eighth Duke of Leeds, on March 20, aged sixty. He was formerly in the 87th Foot, and was a Deputy-Lieutenant and Justice of the Peace for the North Riding of Yorkshire.

Sir William Edmund Pole, ninth baronet, on March 21, aged seventy-eight.

The Rev. James A. M'Allister, Vicar of the Parish Church of Plumstead for thirty-two years, on March 20.

Mr. F. Thrupp, sculptor of various monuments in Westminster Abbey and Winchester, on March 22, aged eighty-two.

Sir Joseph Needham, formerly Chief Justice of Trinidad, on March 23, aged eighty-two.

Admiral the Right Hon. Lord Clarence Edward Paget, son of the first Marquis of Anglesey and a distinguished

naval veteran, on March 22, aged eighty-three. Lady Clarence Paget died on the following day.

Admiral Sir William Fanshawe Martin, G.C.B., on March 24, aged ninety-three.

The Most Rev. Dr. Patrick M'Alister, Roman Catholic Bishop of Down and Connor since 1886, on March 26, aged sixty-eight.

The Rev. George Woods, Chancellor of Llandaff Cathedral, on March 25, aged eighty-five.

Mr. Henry Gover, who had represented Greenwich on the School Board for London during the last twenty-two years, on March 25, aged sixty.

Henry George Agar-Ellis, fourth Viscount Clifden, on March 28, aged thirty-one.

Charlotte Anne, Dowager Duchess of Buccleuch and Queensberry, widow of the fifth Duke of Buccleuch, on

March 28, aged eighty-three. She was Mistress of the Robes to the Queen from 1841 to 1846.

Field-Marshal Sir Patrick Grant, on March 28, aged ninety.

Mr. H. Leigh Pemberton, official solicitor to the Supreme Court, on March 29.

Sir Arthur de Capel Crowe, who had been in the British Consular service for many years, on March 26, aged sixty-nine.

Mr. Albert Groser, for many years the able editor of the *Western Morning News*, on March 30, aged fifty-five.

Cardinal Benavides, Archbishop of Saragossa, on March 30, aged eighty-five.

M. Eugène Plon, of the French publishing house of Plon et Nourrit, on March 30, aged fifty-eight.

DEATH.

On March 25, at Kurfürsten Strasse 14, Berlin, where he was forty years resident, William Henry Leigh Green, formerly of London, Civil Engineer, aged 65.

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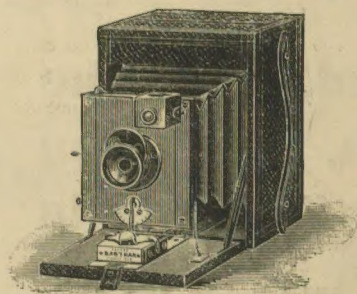
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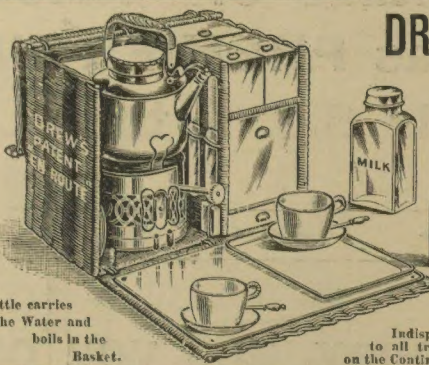
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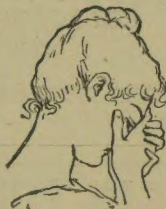
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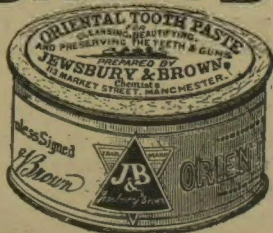
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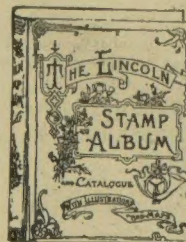
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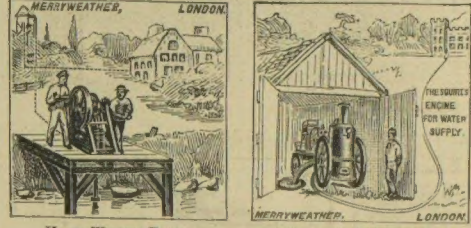
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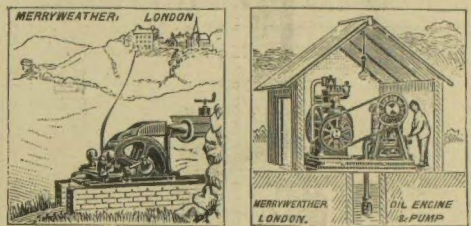
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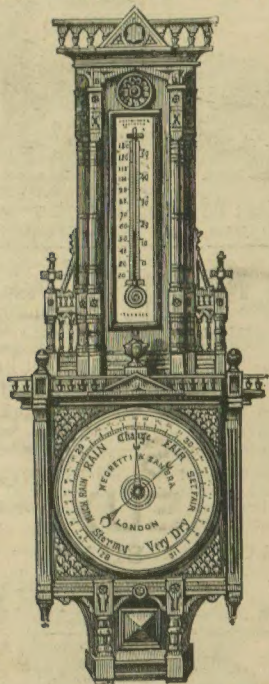
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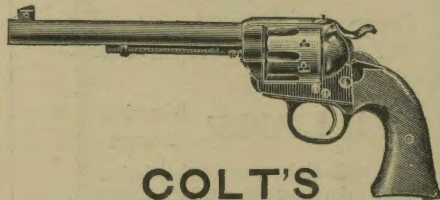


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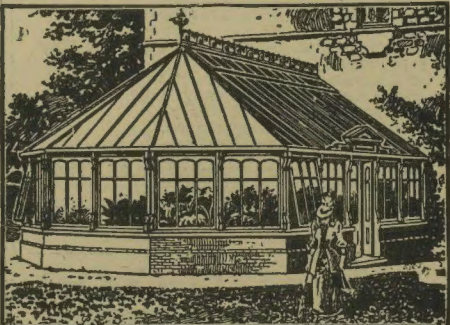
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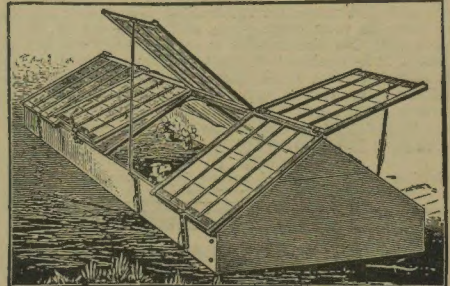
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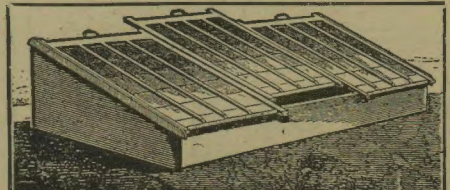


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